

# ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1855.

## BITTER AND SWEET.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

"Haden't you better lie down, now, John? It's getting very late; you will be worse to-morrow."

Her eyes, sad, faded and tearful, sought the little mantel clock, and then rested anxiously again upon the face of her husband.

"No, dear," replied the sick man, shaking his head, while the rich uncut curls danced upon his pallid cheek, and a singular expression crossed his countenance. "I think I'll sit a little longer yet. Put one stick on the fire, dear; my feet are very cold, and it's a cold, too, that someway chills to my heart."

Quickly and quietly the poor woman took from her little closet the last and most coveted store of dry wood, and while she bent over the broken coals, adjusting it to the ill-looking fireplace, the sick man held his hand, with a curious look, to his eyes, examined the finger-nails, heavily pressed his damp forehead, and groaned.

"What is it, dear?"

"Nothing that alarms me," he replied, quietly, "but, at that moment, it flashed across my memory, among other things, that to-night we have mourned just five years for the death of our poor boy."

"Yes, so it is the night," said the wife, thoughtfully. "It was just such a night, too, when the old sexton brought the news. But we were better off then, and didn't mind if the snow blew in, for there was such a fire in the grate—a living coal fire such as we haven't seen for months; and you were so healthy then. I rather think, John, that was what broke you down."

"Yes, yes!" replied the other, hastily; "I haven't been the same man since; but we must not complain; Providence is always good though it may seem ever so dark. Wallace was a noble

fellow, and I have never forgiven myself, that by forcing upon him a trade with which he was disgusted, I drove him to sea. Oh! if parents only knew just what to do!—if only they were not so wilful!"

He clasped his hands as he spoke, and gazed fixedly at the fire that threw forth now a steady blaze. "If only they were not so wilful," he added, with a softer voice.

In a few moments he looked up again, and, smiling placidly, said "it seems to me, Mary, I don't feel so bad about leaving you, to-night, as I have before."

"Don't, John;—oh! let us talk of something else. If you are to die, John, I don't want to know—think of it—till it is all over. I thought I heard a groan," she added, moving a little ways from the fire; "I get so nervous when you talk so."

"It was the wind, dear. Hear how it beats that broken blind; I wish I was strong enough to mend it. Hark! it hails heavily; God pity the mariner;" his voice trembled and sank. In a moment he added "It seems to be a good fire, too, but someway it don't warm my feet; thank you, Mary, that will be better; thank you, dear."

She had stooped down, and was now holding those thin feet in her hands, chafing them briskly and tenderly. The half-wield light of the fire, as it sunk at times, left strange brown hollows in that care-worn face. It struck out the shadows of the tall, high-post bedstead, whose tattered curtain had been gathered around to the side where the sick man laid. The high backed chairs threw out shapes like coffins on the uncarpeted floor, and the little octagonal table made ghastly show of itself along the unpapered wall.

"It did sound something like a groan," said John, returning his wife's fearful glance; "but it must be the wind moaning up-stairs. These rooms are old and crazy, and not rented; they

are full of crevices for the wind to rush through, and I dare say the noise might be accounted for in a dozen ways. There, precious wife, you are wearying yourself. I feel better already; so sit here by my side, and let us talk together of old times."

Shutting the tears back, Mrs. Leslie wrapped her husband's feet in well worn flannel, and drew a chair close beside him. The clock struck that moment—it was eleven.

"Eleven o'clock," he said, as he took her hand in his, now emaciated with long sickness; "it's a good clock, Mary, and what furniture we have is pretty decent. When I am ——"

She stopped him with a kiss, but the tears rained down her cheeks, and the wild storm outside grew wilder.

"You have not altered much, Mary, in the twenty years of our marriage. Let me see; you were eighteen. How modest and blooming you were, seated in your little school-room, on the first day of our meeting. Roses hung from your curls then, placed there by innocent fingers, and I was strong and full of high hopes; hopes, alas! that have not been realized."

"But will be in Heaven, John," said Mary, lifting her dark eyes.

"I believe it; I have never doubted that; the future is all my hope now. The seed I have sown here has taken unseen root, doubtless, and blossomed up to Heaven. There I shall eat of the ripened fruit. O! I never doubt for a moment the immortal destiny of man."

"How your face shines, John."

"I am very happy, Mary; I don't know as I ever felt happier. I know there is not a crust of bread in the house, and this is the last of our poor little wood pile; and yet I feel as certain that God will provide—some way. I am only sorry that you have had so much care with me, but I know love sweetened it all."

"Oh! yes, John; yes, all my care has been pleasure; and if it is God's will that you should go, I shall not stay long. I'd have nothing to live for, John."

"You were right, I do believe, Mary; the sound came again apparently beneath our window," cried John, holding his head in the attitude of a listener.

"Yes, and there are voices outside; I'll just go to the door a minute; maybe we can do some good;" and, throwing on what had once been a comfortable woolen shawl, she hurried into the dark entry.

"I feel just so," muttered John, letting his head drop on his hand; "I feel as if I'd like to know what it is; another time in our unprotected situation, and this out of the way place,

I should be a little fearful; but"—he shook his head and resumed his mournful look in the fire, as he added—"I'm afraid that Mary isn't prepared for what will happen before morning. This fire is hot; I feel the glow on my cheek, but my feet, my feet, they are icy cold, nor can I move them. God help thee, Mary."

"Oh! yes; bring him in; we'll keep him here while you get a carriage. Poor youth—I hope he isn't dangerously wounded."

It was Mary's voice, and John looked languidly round, as two men came in, bearing a body between them.

He was a young man, tall and elegantly attired. His face was handsome, but his thick silken curls were stained with blood. He did not open his eyes, though he seemed sensible of the change from a driving storm to comparative warmth; he only moaned faintly, as the compassionate woman placed pillows under his head. A cloak richly trimmed hung on the arm of one of the men; he had been shaking the wet and frost from it in the old entry. He now laid it over the little octagonal table, saying at the same time, "I guess by these trappings he's a rich one; same time I wouldn't like to pay the expense of a carriage on risk, this time of night; wonder if he's got any money about him."

Mary was on her knees, busily cutting away the rich hair that fell in glossy bunches over the carpetless floor. She paused a moment, and inserted her fingers in the pocket of his satin vest. Fortunately there was loose change enough there, to pay for a carriage, and, taking it, the men hurried out.

Suddenly, Mary uttered a low cry. She looked up helplessly in the face of her husband; her lips white and parted; her cheeks ashy; but, as he cried, stretching forth his weak arms and weaker body, "what is it, Mary—for Heaven's sake, tell me, Mary!"—she conquered the impulse to fly and weep upon his bosom, and only said, as she bent once more to her task, or rather sobbed than said: "the wound; it's made me feel sick and faint for a moment, yet I do not think it is dangerous;" and she circled the neck of the stranger with her loving arms, and looked down in his face, while a strange expression brightened her own.

At that moment his full dark eyes opened; his lips parted; he said but one word—yet John heard it, and fell back weakly in his chair—that word was "mother."

"John, John—be calm—oh! it will kill you; do be calm, dearest husband—yes, it is him, our own Henry—our boy. My heart will burst with joy!—but you—oh! be calmer, John—don't look so steadily at me; for isn't it good news;

holy tidings!—our child is found; he knows us."

"God be praised," was all the poor man could murmur.

"And now, I am going to lay him on our bed, John, and you shall sleep beside him; beside our own lost boy. Think of it, John; it will give you new life and strength, and who knows but you may get entirely well. Oh! John, I can't realize it—I can't."

"Blessed be God," murmured the dying man, folding his thin palms together, and a rapt smile spread like light over his face.

"Here they come, but he can't go; they must help me place him on the bed, and fly for a doctor. See, he is looking at us; Henry, can't you speak, my own love?"

"Money—plenty—round my waist!"—he articulated with difficulty.

"Not to the hospital, hey?"

"Not to the hospital," returned Mary; "he is our child, man; you would not have us send our son to the hospital, would you?"

"Precious need of it," muttered one, glancing about the room.

"Look here!—what does this 'ere mean?" blustered the other. "Here's a young man we find, half dead, out in the cold; bring him in the house; woman don't know him; come back from doing a deed of charity, and woman has been a finding out that he's her son. Take that and the clothes into connection, and I should say there was a base attempt at kidnapping, or some such humbug."

The young man, however, settled the question. Weakly lifting his hand, he beckoned Mary to him, and taking her pale fingers, held them to his lips, and kissed them.

"That does look like it," said the man, more softly; "but I can't make it out, either."

"We haven't seen him for five years," cried Mary; oh! do help him to the bed, and go for the doctor; we'll pay you well; indeed we will."

The doctor came. The wound he said was not dangerous, but, without medical aid, might become so. He dressed the young man's head, and prepared to go. Pausing before John, who lifted his lustrous eyes and smiling face to the doctor, he said "you seem very well pleased, sir—I wish you joy."

Mary had told him all.

The sick man only bowed his head, and then, as he languidly laid it back again, the doctor gazed compassionately upon him.

"I thought my Heavenly Father would never forsake us," he murmured feebly; "and so I told Mary. Thank God! when I am gone, she will have a son—oh! God be praised."

"You are cold and exhausted," said the doctor, laying his hand gently on the dying man's brow—how long have you felt thus?"

"My feet became very stiff just before dark, and since then I have been failing fast"—his voice had grown husky.

"Be careful," whispered the doctor, as Mary uttered an exclamation of alarm, and he pointed to the young man whose pale cheek seemed stamped with the hue of death—"the least excitement, and I cannot save him. You must perceive that your husband is nearly gone—be thankful that he seems so well prepared—let your grief be quiet as possible."

"How can I," sobbed Mary, with a stifled voice. "Dear John, won't you rest your head on my bosom? Oh! how can I, how can I give you up?"

He turned his dying eyes upon her with unutterable love; he leaned towards her, and his long, curling hair fell on her bosom; his lips moved—the doctor bent down—"For this my son was lost and is found," issued therefrom; "it is something of the joy we shall all feel when we meet in Heaven—ain't it?"

"Have you any neighbors?" asked the kind physician, as wailing sobs seemed rending the heart of the poor mourner.

"No! Then I will send you somebody. He looks very peaceful and happy—you should be more than thankful for his slight suffering; I assure you he breathed at the last like an infant—he will never feel a pain any more."

Mary told him she was not afraid to stay with her dead; and the doctor sprang into the carriage that had been waiting at the door, and hurried away for assistance.

The next morning, frost had gathered upon the crazy windows of Mary's habitation, but the bright fire sent out heat and light into every crevice. Her husband, sheeted for his last home, lay with a happy smile, making death beautiful on his wan features. The son, still very faint and weak, had been able to tell his story of wreck, poverty, want and, lastly, good fortune. Adopted by the rich citizen of a foreign land, he became a thriving merchant, and his only grief was the silence of his parents. For he had written them letter after letter, and as yet received no reply, they having frequently changed their residence into neighboring towns and cities. At last he set forth, leaving the maiden he loved, and to whom he was betrothed, his prosperous business, and severing all the new but closely knit ties of friendship, to seek his parents. From place to place he had followed them, grieved to behold in the gradual decline of comfort, in each successive dwelling

they had occupied, sure evidence of their decaying prospects. Incautiously, while stopping at an eating house, in the vicinity of the alley where he had learned his parents lived, he had displayed gold, and, tempted by the sight, a villain followed him and felled him to the ground, where he must soon have perished. Fortunately, the bulk of what money he had was dexterously concealed in a belt around his person, the rest the thief had taken. Thus he had the means to bring to the home of poverty, luxuries that had not gladdened it for many a day.

Poor Mary could not eat. The thought that if he could only be sharing with her these simple delicacies, if it were but for once, shut out the faith that should have seen him feasting on the fruit of Heaven, renewed in beautiful and perpetual youth—never to wipe a tear away, never to breathe a sigh again.

Even so doth grief for a time cloud even the glory of revelation.

"Mother," said Henry, after the coffin had been lowered to its last resting place, and the few mourners had come back, "I will try to be what he was to you, dear mother. You shall never know want—above all, while I live, the want of love. They told me in the land of the orange and the palm, to bring my father and my mother back with me. I will tell them to give to you the double tenderness that they would have cherished for you both."

"I have been ungrateful," murmured Mary, as she stood leaning on the arm of her manly son, on the deck of an outward-bound steamer; "suppose I had been left alone in my sorrow, with no eye to weep for, no hand to aid me. God forgive me."

And Mary is the loved inmate of a sunny Indian home, to-day.

## WINTER LAYS.

BY B. HATHAWAY

Roar wild, ye blasts of Winter, roar,  
Let Want thy maniac hand endure;  
Rave bitter on the barren moor,  
Heap high the cotter's lowly door;  
Let sleety rain in torrents pour,  
Relentless on the homeless poor.

Unpitied still, from night till morn,  
Wide wing thy storms of biting snows;  
For in thy bleakest wind that blows,  
Adown the darkened vale forlorn,  
Ye only type the hate, and scorn,  
That man, on suffering man bestows.

And is it vain—the thought sublime,  
That winter suns, that come and go,  
Do kindle with a warmer glow,  
Through cycles of on-coming Time?  
That after years, our bleaker clime,  
Shall more of tropic beauty know?

That the swift seasons evermore,  
Do unto lovelier seasons haste?  
That for the sight and for the taste,  
Shall Nature garner more and more?  
A richer harvest's ampler store,  
Bright billow o'er the desert waste?

And is it vain—utopian,  
Though dream of poet and of sage,  
That, wider in the coming age,  
Shall grow man's little love for man,  
Till truth shall bear no bigot ban,  
And still'd each wilder passion's rage?

I know not—but enough I find,  
To bid me labor lovingly;  
And deem that ALL may yet be free,  
And feel the subtler ties that bind  
The nobly pure in heart and mind,  
Secure in one fraternity.

*Little Prairie Bonde, Nov., 1854.*

## MAIDEN BEAUTY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Her hand's like a lilly—  
But just at the tip  
It hath stolen a tint,  
Like the hue of her lip!  
Her breath's like the morning,  
When hyacinths blow:  
Her feet leave a blessing  
Wherever they go!

For each one she's something  
To comfort or cheer;  
When her purse fails her wishes,  
She gives them a tear!  
E'en the sound of her step  
Seems to bring them relief;  
And they bless that sweet face  
Which speaks hope 'mid their grief!

Her mouth's like a rose-bud,  
Just budding half through,  
When it opens at morn,  
Amidst fragrance and dew.  
And her heart is a dwelling  
Where angels might rest;  
And forget their own heaven  
In that of her breast.

It is a great disgrace to religion, to imagine  
that it is an enemy to mirth and cheerfulness.



# THE SOMNAMBULIST; OR RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[CONCLUDED.]

Nothing more of Dr. M—— and his experiments came under my particular notice for some months. I had heard, incidentally, that he still continued them, and that some of the friends of the family were seriously alarmed for his sister, who, it was said, acted very strangely. The young physician to whom I have alluded, (Doctor P——,) I also heard, continued his visits, and was sincerely attached to Ernestine; but from the evening we met at Doctor M——'s house, we had not exchanged a word on the subject.

I had finished all my professional calls, and was comfortably seated in my office one evening, looking over the pages of a foreign medical journal that had just come to hand, when Doctor P—— dropped in. He looked anxious and troubled. His brows were drawn down, and his eyes had a stern, almost angry look.

"Doctor," he said abruptly, as he took the chair I offered him, "I have come to ask your advice and claim your confidence in a matter that is almost setting me crazy.

"In any matter that will not compromise my honor, doctor."

"That will depend upon what you call honor," he said.

"Speak out freely, doctor. You can depend upon my confidence, at least."

With some effort, arising from either reluctance to speak on the subject that was in his mind, or from emotion, he began:

"You remember the extraordinary and revolting scene at the house of Doctor M——?"

"Yes; very well."

"It may or may not have reached your ears that I had been addressing his sister for some time."

"I have heard such an intimation."

"That was not only true, but more: I was at that time actually under an engagement of marriage."

"Which has since been broken off," I said, in order to save him from the admission.

"No?" I was surprised to hear him reply emphatically. "It has not been broken off! Why do you say so, doctor?"

I felt embarrassed, but apologised as best I could for my remark.

"No, it is not broken off," he added with some bitterness in his manner—"and will not be broken off if I can tear her away from the ter-

rible thralldom in which she is bound. And it is in view of this that I have called to see you. I want your advice and your co-operation in some scheme by which that infatuated girl can be enfranchised. If it is not done soon, she is lost, lost, now and forever."

"You speak strongly, my young friend," I said in a quiet tone.

"It is because I feel strongly."

"Is there, do you think, cause for your feeling so strongly?"

"Doctor," he said with a calm energy, "I do think there is cause. You can remember when you were in the spring time of life, as I am now. You can remember the love you bore her who has since walked by your side through joy and sorrow—your second-self. Not more deep and fervent was your love, than is mine for Ernestine M——. I love her with an intensity that present circumstances increase almost into a maddening fervor. For a while after the institution of these infernal rites, (pardon my intemperance,) my feelings became cold; but I soon saw that one I had almost idolized was in the circle of a charmer, and that she had not the power to escape. This awoke a new interest, and deepened the tenderness with which I regarded her. I used every means in my power to break the spell by which she was enchained, but all my efforts were fruitless. And now, I tremble, lest she be lost to me forever."

"Why do you not marry her?" I asked.

"Marry a woman whose soul is in the keeping of another man!"

"He is her brother."

"Does that help the matter? I wish to marry a free woman."

"A marriage with you may disenthral her spirit. As her husband, you could interdict any further attempts to bring her under mesmerie influence."

"What would my interdiction be worth? A look—even a thought—would make her his slave."

"What do you propose doing?"

"I propose arranging all my affairs here as speedily as possible, and leaving for Cuba, there to prosecute the practice of medicine. As soon as I make a good commencement, I propose returning and carrying off Ernestine."

"Marrying her, you mean, and taking her back with you to Cuba."

"No—I mean just what I have said."

"And what does that mean?"

"It means, simply, that I intend returning and forcibly carrying her off."

"Why need that be? She will, doubtless, go willingly, and with her brother's consent."

"Just the way I do not wish her to go. I wouldn't take her if I thought he knew where she was going. There would be no safety. No—no. After I am settled, I mean to return and get possession of her person clandestinely, and carry her off to Cuba. When there, I will marry her under one condition, and that is, the giving by her of a solemn oath that she will never communicate with her brother, or directly or indirectly inform him of the place of her abode."

"Suppose she will not do this?"

"Then I will not marry her. She can go back to her brother, and remain his slave."

"Would it not be better for you to see her secretly, and communicate your wish that she would go with you without informing Doctor M—, before you attempt to get forcible possession of her person?"

"No, doctor. If I were to fail in this effort, as I doubtless should, M— would be ever after on his guard; and I should have to abandon the hope of making her my wife, or settle in some other place than Cuba, and, after gaining a foothold, carry out my first intention. Depend upon it, there is no other way. I have thought over the matter until I am half beside myself."

"What aid do you want from me," I asked.

"I want some one here, doctor, as correspondent, in whom I can repose the strictest confidence, who will make a point to know as much as possible about Miss M—, and communicate to me every fact of interest. I would rather confide in you than any one I know."

"I don't like clandestine proceedings," I replied.

"Nor I, where they have an evil end in view. Do you think my end evil?"

"I cannot say that I do."

"Are you satisfied that I can gain what I wish—the entire separation of Miss M— from her brother—in any better way than the one I propose?"

"I am not certain that you can."

"I have turned it over in my mind for a month, and I am sure I cannot. The circumstances of the case are extraordinary, doctor, and require extraordinary means."

"Give me a day to think the matter over, and I will be able to make up my mind definitely."

"Very well. Will you be home to-morrow evening?"

"I expect to be."

"Then I will call around."

"Do. I shall be prepared then to say to what extent I can second your wishes."

During that night and the next day, I did little else but study over this case, and see how I

could act as the friend of Doctor P—, and act right. The influence exercised over Miss M— by her brother, I considered to be of the worst kind, tending to destroy her reason. I also considered that Doctor P—, as her affianced husband, had more right to possess her person, under the circumstances, than her brother, who was abusing the trust reposed in him as her natural protector. I was not sanguine, however, even in the event of Doctor P— succeeding in his design, that he would be able to save Ernestine. I felt very fearful that such would be the state of her mind, from being nearly two years constantly under mesmeric influence, that she would not have mental stamina enough left to be able to live without the unnatural excitement to which she had been subjected—and that she would resent, indignantly, the outrage committed in carrying her off forcibly, and demand, peremptorily, to be restored to her brother.

This I suggested to Doctor P— at our next interview.

"I have thought of that also," he replied.

"And of what you would do under such circumstances?"

"I have."

"What would you do?"

"Give her sufficient time for reflection, and use every means in my power to make her comprehend the truth of her position. Failing to do that, I would, if she continued to demand it, bring her back to the United States, and relinquish all claim to her."

"And remain in your native city?"

"No. I would go back and endeavor, in the island to which I had removed, to discharge my professional duties faithfully, and in the effort to do so, find all the relief possible for me to obtain."

The mournfulness with which this was uttered, decided me to meet his wishes. I saw and felt that his life was bound up in the woman to whom he had plighted his faith, and that it was right for me to aid him in the plan for getting possession of her that he proposed. I did not think with him, fully, in regard to the continued influence of her brother over her, after they were married, should the marriage take place here, and they remain in the city. But P— was decided on this point, and it was altogether useless for me to urge it.

The disappearance of Dr. P—, which took place about two months afterwards, created no little interest, and some excitement. The sole depository of his secret, I heard all that was said, and watched particularly the effect upon Miss M—, whom I now frequently saw, in ac-

cordance with my promise, sometimes at the house of her brother, but oftener at my own house—my wife and she were intimate friends. The effect upon her mind was painful. She had, I sometimes thought, a suspicion of the real truth, that her mesmeric connexion with her brother was the cause of her lover's having abandoned both herself and his native city. In order to ascertain the state of her mind in this particular, I hinted, remotely, what I thought on the subject. This seemed to startle her; and she said, from the impulse of the moment, "You cannot think so, Doctor."

"Think what?" I asked, affecting not to understand her.

The color arose to her face, and she was a good deal confused. After a little hesitation, she replied—

"I sometimes think that the experiments of my brother have more to do with the Doctor's disappearance than is generally imagined."

"Not more than is generally imagined, Miss M——," I ventured to say.

"Doctor, you speak strangely. The suspicion I entertain must be mine alone."

"What is the nature of your suspicion?" I asked.

She hesitated again for some time, as if reluctant to express to another her thoughts on this painful subject. At length she said—

"Doctor P—— always objected to my letting my brother magnetize me."

"So I am aware."

"Indeed! Did he ever speak on the subject to you?"

"Oh, yes; frequently."

"What did he say, Doctor?"

"I cannot recall any particular words at this moment; but he always spoke strongly. Do you not think, considering the relation existing between you, that you ought to have regarded his feelings in this matter?"

"Perhaps so; but——"

She paused, and looked slightly confused.

"But what?" I asked. I wished to lead her out to speak freely on the subject.

"The fact is, Doctor, I often resolved that I would regard his wishes and feelings, but somehow or other my will seemed not my own when I attempted to exercise it on this subject."

"That is a very strange and very serious admission," I gravely replied.

"How so, Doctor?"

"Can you ask such a question in earnest? Do you not see that you are losing your rational control of yourself? If your will is not your own, what individuality have you? What you say, Miss M——, fills me with alarm."

My manner and words combined, produced just the effect I wished. My fair friend looked frightened.

"Just what you admit, now," I resumed, "Doctor P—— saw months ago, and stated his fears to me."

"That cannot be, surely," she replied, with considerable warmth—"I never, myself, perceived anything like it until very recently."

"This does not, by any means, prove that he may not have perceived it."

"He may have imagined it; but could not have seen what did not exist."

"Perhaps he was gifted with the vision of a seer, and saw coming events in their projected shadows," I said, half-playfully, in order to give her mind a little power to come up to a more even balance.

"That may have been," she replied, forcing a smile; but any real indications that I was losing my free will, he never saw."

"If I understand you aright, Miss M——," I resumed, after a little while, "you begin to perceive, that on this subject of mesmerism, you are not in as much freedom as you could wish? That you submit yourself to be made the subject of experiments, because you have not the power to say resolutely, 'No'?"

"I do not say that, exactly, Doctor. My brother, you know to be a perfect enthusiast in this thing, and engaged in a series of experiments, in order to ascertain the powers and tendencies of magnetism. I am his subject, and, as he says, wonderfully susceptible of magnetic influence. If I were to refuse any longer to suffer him to operate upon me, it would stop all his experiments."

"Can you refuse? Does that power still remain?" I put this question abruptly.

"Certainly it does," she replied, in surprise; "I am astonished that you should ask me such a question."

"You should not be, since you have made the admission, that your will seemed not to be your own when you exercised it on this subject."

"Are you sure I made that admission?"

"Very sure."

The eyes of Miss M—— fell to the floor. She made no remark for some moments. I judged, from her manner, that she was trying to define, to herself, her own position, if possible. A deep sigh interrupted her state of abstraction, and looking up at me, she said, in a voice of sadness—

"I sometimes wish I had never heard of animal magnetism. I believe I would have been happier."

"Then why not separate yourself from all connexion with it?"

"I don't see how I can do that now. My brother has progressed so far in his experiments, that it would not do for me to interrupt them just at this stage."

"Would you not do so, if you believed you were suffering a positive injury from these experiments?" I asked.

"Oh! certainly; but I do not believe that I am."

"Miss M——," I said, looking earnestly into her face, "think seriously; are you not conscious of some change? Are you now what you were? Do you act, in *all* things, as you once did, in freedom according to reason?"

My questions, that followed each other so rapidly, confused her. She was about uttering a sweeping negative, but checked herself, and burst into tears.

I did not again allude to the subject at that time. Miss M—— was spending an evening at my house, when this conversation took place. I was a little fearful that I had said too much; but, on reflection, was content to let my words go, and produce whatever effect might result from them.

"Don't you think you spoke rather too freely to Miss M——?" my wife said, when we were alone. "She will, in all probability, mention your remarks to her brother, who may think it an undue interference on your part, and be offended."

"I can't help that," I answered. "What I have said, has been said because I felt it my duty to speak plainly. As to the consequences, I am in no way concerned about them. If anything I could say or do would break the spell by which Ernestine is bound, I would think the loss of Doctor M——'s friendship a small price to pay for it. But I fear that this spell cannot be broken, at least, not until consequences the most fatal to her happiness occur?"

"What consequences do you fear?" asked my wife.

"Her intellect may be impaired."

"Do you really think so?"

"A tendency to that result is clearly apparent already."

"I have not observed it."

"Do you see no change in her?"

My wife thought a moment.

"She has changed, certainly."

"In what way?"

"I can hardly tell. She is not as cheerful as she was sometime ago, and does not talk as much."

"You have noticed that she is what is called absent-minded."

"Oh! yes."

"And frequently asks you two or three times over what you have said."

"Yes."

"She used to be fond of conversing upon abstract and philosophical themes, and often reasoned with great clearness. She never does it now. Have you noticed that?"

"I have."

"Depend upon it, these experiments of her brother are destroying her well ordered and beautiful mind. I don't wonder that it set Doctor P—— almost crazy. The quicker he could tear her away from her present slavery, the better."

A singular circumstance that occurred about a week subsequent to this time, confirmed my worst fears for Ernestine. I was sitting in my office about nine o'clock, one evening, reading, when the quiet entrance of some one from the street caused me to look up. An exclamation of surprise escaped my lips. It was the young lady to whom I have just been alluding! The instant I looked in her face, I saw that she was in a state of somnambulism. She came towards me, her eyes looking fixedly into mine—or seeming to do so—but without speaking. On the impulse of the moment, I reached her a chair; she took it and sat down with her usual ease of manner, still keeping her eyes upon me. I was so much bewildered for a few moments, that I hardly knew where I was, or what to do. I felt like taking hold of her, and arousing her at once to consciousness. But I resisted this feeling, knowing that to do so might be productive of unhappy consequences. As she still continued to look at me, I said—

"Do you want anything, Miss M——?" This was the first form of words that came up.

The lips of Ernestine moved, and she muttered something, but so inaudibly that I could make nothing out of it, except that her mind was turning on her absent lover. But I understood, more clearly, why, in this state, she had called upon me—our recent conversation, in which Dr. P—— was mentioned, had connected us in her mind. I tried, by various questions, to get her to speak more distinctly and freely about Doctor P——, in order that I might understand more clearly her state of mind in regard to him, but she little more than uttered his name, and that almost inaudibly. Not thinking it right to let her remain in my office, or away from home a moment longer than necessary, I said to her, rising—

"Come, Miss M——, let us walk." She arose with me, I leading the way out, and she following. When in the street, I took her arm and



passed it within mine, and thus we pursued our way towards her brother's house, full a quarter of a mile distant. I never had just such sensations in my life. I was moving along the street, arm in arm, with a sleep-walker; with one whose soul was in "dream land"—while her body was acting in the real world. At any moment she was liable to be awakened; should this occur in the street—the night was quite dark—and she find herself under circumstances so different from what had surrounded her when last her external perceptions were clear—circumstances so strange and unaccountable—the consequences might be of the worst kind.

During our walk, an alarm of fire occurred, and a watchman's rattle commenced its ear-shattering noise just by our side. It seemed to me impossible that this, with the thundering of the heavy engines as they rattled past us, and the wild shouting of the "fire boys" should not awaken my companion. I had horrible feelings. If awakened amid this terrible din, her reason might be dethroned. Once or twice her arm jerked suddenly against mine. I believe I trembled from head to foot. But, fortunately, she remained unconscious until we arrived at her brother's house. Doctor M—— met us at the door. He did not before know that his sister had been absent.

"Why, Ernestine," he said, "I thought you were at home. If you had told me you were going out, I would have called for you."

Without replying, or even pausing, Miss M—— glided into the house and ran lightly up stairs. I heard her chamber door close loudly, and then followed a sound like the *click* of a lock. Doctor M—— looked at me with a surprise, that was increased as soon as he saw clearly the expression of my face.

"What does this mean, Doctor?" he asked, after I had complied with his invitation to walk in, and we were seated in one of his parlors.

"It means, simply," I replied, "that your sister has come to my office in a state of somnambulism, and that I have brought her home without daring to awaken her."

Doctor M. turned pale.

"Is she still asleep?" he inquired, eagerly. "Did I understand you to mean that she was still asleep?"

"She was; or I at least believe that she was when I arrived at your door."

"I distinctly heard her lock her chamber door," he said, with something of alarm.

"I thought I heard a sound resembling the springing of a bolt," I returned.

"Did she do anything, or say anything when

she came to your office?" Doctor M—— asked, with an anxious look.

"She said nothing from which I could infer the cause of her mental disquietude, except to mention the name of Doctor P——."

The brother of Ernestine looked grave.

"Have you ever known her to walk in her sleep before?" I asked.

Doctor M—— did not answer this question until a few moments had elapsed. He then said—

"Once or twice I have found her wandering about the house."

"Did this ever occur before your mesmeric experiments began?" I ventured to ask.

The question seemed to annoy Dr. M——.

"What reason have you for asking that question?" he inquired.

"You need not answer it, Doctor, if you feel the slightest disinclination to do so."

"Why should I feel disinclined?" he said, exhibiting some warmth of manner.

"I don't know, Doctor," I returned in a calm voice and with a quiet smile. "I thought from your manner and your question that such might be the case."

"Not at all. The reply to your inquiry is a simple negative."

"No somnambule phenomena ever occurred before Ernestine was subjected to mesmeric influence?"

"No."

"How long since they have become apparent?"

"She has been known to walk in her sleep two or three times during the past six months—that is, walk about the house. I often hear her moving in her room late at night. Whether asleep or awake I do not know."

"Have you never supposed that the cause of this sleep-walking might lie in the disturbed state of her mind, consequent upon mesmeric experiments?"

"Mesmeric influence quiets the mind, instead of disturbing it, Doctor," was the prompt reply to this.

"It may quiet it for the time, but is there not something in it like pressure upon a spring? May there not be an undue reaction from this state of unnatural quiescence?"

"I am not able to understand how such can be the case," Doctor M—— said.

"While to me it is a natural conclusion," I replied. "All along I have been fearing this, or some worse consequence, from what you have been doing."

The plainness of my speech slightly offended Dr. M——, as his remark showed.



"I don't know why your fears should have become so active in this case?" he said.

"Simply," I replied, "because I have always felt a warm interest in both yourself and sister, and believed you both treading on exceedingly dangerous ground. This I have before told you. I could not foresee specific results; but results of a very unhappy nature I have seriously apprehended. If mental aberration is not the final consequence, I can only say that I shall be disappointed, and gladly so."

"All this only shows," replied Dr. M——, "that you know little or nothing, practically or theoretically, about this new science. Its whole tendency is to give to both mind and body a healthful equilibrium. This I find to be the testimony of all who have yet written upon the subject."

"But not the testimony of your own experience!" I said promptly.

"Why do you say that, doctor?"

"From evidence too painfully apparent to my own eyes. I knew your sister well enough before your experiments began, to be able to distinguish between her mental condition then and what it now is. Then her mind was clear, strong, and independent!"

"Is it not so now?" quickly asked Doctor M——, interrupting me.

"I am constrained to say no. Nor am I alone of this opinion," I replied. "The conviction forced itself upon my mind while I was striving to believe differently. And I still argued with myself that it might only be fancy, until the corroborating declarations of others compelled me to admit the melancholy fact."

"Really, this is all incomprehensible to me!" said Doctor M——, with heightening color.

"Those eyes are wondrous wise, I ween,  
That see what is not to be seen."

"Seriously, doctor," I said to this, "do not you perceive some change?"

I fixed my eyes steadily upon him, and awaited his answer. His reply was not made until his eyes fell beneath mine.

"None," he then replied, but not firmly, and with a truthful emphasis.

I arose from the chair upon which I had been sitting, and remarked, as I half turned to go—

"I can only say that I am sorry for it. There is a change, and a sad one too. All eyes see it, and you are deeply censured for abusing your trust as a brother. Pardon my plainness of speech! I could not sleep soundly on my pillow this night, if I did not speak the truth without disguise now. Good night."

Doctor M—— did not reply, nor ask me to remain. On the next day we met on Charles

street—both were on foot. He looked at me sternly, but did not speak. We never spoke afterwards. My offence was too deep for forgiveness.

I immediately wrote to Doctor P—— all that had occurred, and urged him to hasten the consummation of his plan of carrying off Ernestine before it was too late. By a return vessel from Cuba I got a reply to this letter, which stated that his success in establishing a practice had been beyond his hopes, and that I might expect him in about one month. He expressed himself strongly with regard to Dr. M——, and, indulging in some of the modes of speech peculiar to a southern climate, threatened, among other things, to shoot him. I understood this to be merely a form of speech, and did not, therefore, feel any alarm on the subject.

Miss M—— did not again visit at my house. I supposed that her brother had prejudiced her against us in some way, or, perhaps, positively interdicted all intercourse with us. That he had stated to her the real ground of our misunderstanding, I did not, for one moment, suppose.

In less than a month from the time I received Doctor P——'s letter, he arrived in Baltimore. He wore a disguise through which not even his most intimate friends would have recognized him. I was in my office when he entered, and was completely at fault until he spoke.

A serious difficulty, in the prosecution of his design, lay in the fact that Miss M—— no longer visited at my house. Since I escorted her home, under the strange circumstances just related, I had not seen her; nor had any of my friends, of whom I casually made inquiries in regard to her.

Two weeks from the time the vessel in which Doctor P—— had sailed from Cuba, arrived at this port, she was to be ready with a return cargo. The captain was a romantic, warm-hearted fellow, who was over head and ears in love with a girl whose parents had refused him her hand. This Doctor P—— found out during the voyage. He did not hesitate to make him the depository of his secret, and secure his cooperation. Captain S—— entered into the whole thing warmly. It was just such an adventure as suited his feelings.

So far, all was favorable. But the most important thing was to get possession of Ernestine. If I had not incautiously made a breach with her brother, the matter might have been managed easily. Now, the difficulty was to find her under circumstances at all favorable to the object in view, and at the proper time. To abduct her a week or ten days before the sailing of the

vessel destined to convey her to Cuba, was hardly to be thought of. When done, it must be done on the eve of the vessel's sailing, and she taken at once on board.

Day after day elapsed, and I tried in vain to get some clue to the movements of Ernestine. Doctor P—— had, of course, to stand aloof. He could take no measures himself. As the time wore on, and drew near to a close, he became more and more anxious and impatient. With him, it was no romantic adventure. He loved Miss M—— deeply, purely, and tenderly; and in proposing to carry her off in the way contemplated, I really believe that he looked more to her good than his own happiness. It was a desperate, but only resort; and both he and I consented to engage in an act so foreign to our ordinary views and feelings, only on the principle that desperate cases require desperate remedies.

Every evening Doctor P—— came to my office to inquire if I had obtained any intelligence of Ernestine, and when the usual negative came, the effect was almost equal to a blow.

"Doctor, she *must* be found!" he said, on the evening but one preceding the morning on which Captain S—— was to sail. "To-morrow is the last chance."

"I have tried my best, Doctor P——," I replied.

"But it doesn't seem possible that she is not to be seen at all. Is she confined to the house, a prisoner? Doctor, if I had even a suspicion that this were the case, I would enter her brother's house and carry her away by force."

"Such I presume is not the case," I said. "It is more probable that Ernestine feels, every day less inclined to go out, or see company. Before I offended Doctor M—— so highly, she had not been here for nearly a month; and the last time she came, my wife had almost to drag her out of the house."

"The acts of that villain, her brother, hold her in a worse bondage than is known by any slave on earth!" said Doctor P——, with strong emphasis. "Sometimes I am tempted to break the spell in the quickest and most effectual way, no matter what may be the consequence."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Blow out his brains!"

"No, no, doctor: that would make bad worse. Let us still hope that our present plan will be effectually carried out."

"But only a single day remains."

"There is no telling what a single day may bring forth."

Doctor P—— shook his head despondingly.

On the following day I used every prudent

means within my power to find out the movements of Miss M——. But my facilities were circumscribed. Not a single one to whom I mentioned her, had seen her for a month. Was this seclusion forced or voluntary? I asked myself. The question half alarmed me. Night came, and all remained as it had been. Doctor P—— came in early.

"Has a day brought forth anything?" he said eagerly and abruptly.

"Nothing, doctor," I replied.

He sank into a chair, nerveless, saying, as he did so, in a very mournful tone—

"And so, all has gone for nothing! It will drive me beside myself."

He sat for three or four minutes, silent. Then suddenly rising, he said, with recovering energy—

"I will not be thwarted. Mine she is, and I will possess her, in spite of Satan himself."

He was moving towards the door, when I stepped forward, and placing my hand upon his arm, said—

"A false step will ruin all. If you make the attempt and fail, all is lost."

The hand that had been raised eagerly to open the door, fell quietly at his side, and he turned to the chair from which he had arisen, and sunk heavily into it again. Neither of us spoke for nearly five minutes. Then I said—

"Does Captain S—— return again to this port?"

"I believe he does," he replied, indifferently.

"Then you will have another opportunity."

Doctor P—— shook his head.

"I must have her now. I cannot endure another period of suspense. My mind is fully made up not to return to Cuba unless she accompany me. I will never leave this city, now that she is whirling so swiftly near the centre of the vortex that threatens to engulf her, until the matter is decided in one way or another."

Two or three patients came in at this period of our interview, and I was occupied with them for full an hour. Doctor P—— became very impatient, and two or three times arose to leave. But each time I urged him to remain, as I had something particular to say to him. At length I was fully disengaged again, and we were about resuming our conversation, when the bell rung once more.

"More patients!" ejaculated my visitor. "I shall go crazy with suspense! Do, for mercy's sake, doctor, despatch them quickly!"

My office servant answered the bell, and I waited for the new comer with restless impatience. A lady entered closely veiled. I knew

her in an instant. It was Ernestine M——! P—— half recognised her—although she kept her veil down—arose quickly to his feet, and stood bending towards her, one foot advanced, one hand raised, and his lips apart. I saw, by the deliberate movement with which she came into the room, as well as concluded, from the fact of her visiting my office at such an unreasonable hour, that she was again walking in her sleep.

With a single look, I explained all to Doctor P—— and also enforced discretion. His whole frame began instantly to tremble from head to foot, as if shaking violently with the ague. The excitement of the moment was too overpowering.

Ernestine sat down in the chair that I handed for her, but still kept her veil down.

"Is there anything you wish me to do?" I asked, in a kind, familiar way, hoping that the ear would convey to her dreaming mind the sound of my voice, and change the course of her thoughts, or prompt her to give them some utterance.

"He has never written me a word, doctor," she murmured in a low, and half distinct voice; but our ears were quick. "Do you think he can be living? He never liked these—these—Ah, me!" and a low quivering shudder ran through every limb.

P—— became almost wild with excitement. He came forward and bent his ear close down, so as not to lose even half a syllable. His hand, as it hung by his side, I perceived to be shaking violently. Fearful that he might commit some act of hurried indiscretion, I raised my hand to enjoin caution.

"Do not fear me," he whispered. "I will be prudent. She is in my power now, thank heaven!"

I asked Ernestine several more leading questions, but could elicit nothing further. After a hurried consultation, it was determined that I should take her on my arm, while she still slept, and walk with her to the vessel, while P—— was to precede me, and prepare for her reception. On my proposing a walk, Miss M—— arose, and took my arm, so naturally, that, for an instant, I felt that she must be awake. After he saw us fairly on the street, and taking the direction of the vessel, P—— darted away like an arrow. I felt exceedingly anxious, and again trembled lest the fair creature on my arm should be awakened on the street. A large and comfortable state room was prepared for her; if she remained undisturbed until safely in that, it was not improbable that she might lie down in the berth there, and continue asleep until morning. A sister of Captain S——, who was going

on a short visit to Cuba, had been fully advised of what was in contemplation, and to her, as room-companion, was to be left the office of mitigating the first surprise and alarm that awakening, under such strange circumstances, must occasion.

Happily, nothing occurred to startle the gentle sleeper upon my arm into conscious life. We gained, safely, the vessel's side, passed on board, and descended into the cabin, where I consigned her to the care of Captain S——'s sister, a young and beautiful girl, in whose face I could see indications of the strong enthusiasm and romantic temperament that distinguished her generous-minded brother. By Miss S—— Ernestine was led into the state-room prepared for her reception. The door closed upon her retiring form. I never saw her afterwards.

As the good vessel under the command of Captain S—— had been cleared at the Custom House on that day, and all her papers were on board, she was immediately unmoored, and suffered to drop quietly down into the stream. There was a light breeze blowing from the west, and advantage was taken of this to hoist sails, and leave the city as speedily as possible. By day-light she was in the middle of the bay twenty or thirty miles below North Point, sweeping along under a stiff breeze.

As I walked homeward, I began to reflect seriously on the chances in favor of Doctor M—— finding out my agency in the abduction of his sister, and the probable consequences likely to result from this knowledge. My office-servant had admitted Ernestine, and had seen me leave in company with her. I was not sure that he knew her, but the possibility that he did, made me feel uneasy. After turning the matter over in my mind carefully, I came to the conclusion that the best way would be for me to put my man upon his guard. I had always found him trustworthy, and true to my interest, and deemed it much better for me to let him understand what had been done, the reason for doing it, and the consequences that might follow, if Doctor M—— were to discover the truth in regard to his sister. My confidence was not abused by the true-hearted fellow. Amid the hundred exciting rumors that immediately followed the mysterious and unaccountable disappearance of Miss M——, and which met him in various shapes almost every day, he maintained a prudent reserve that entirely prevented any suspicion from falling upon me.

On the evening that Miss M—— came to my office, she had been, as usual, experimented upon by her brother. She made some objection to the continuance of these experiments,

which she urged upon her brother were doing her no good, and had been the cause of her lover's deserting both her and his native city. These objections were overruled—not by reasons clearly urged, but by his more powerful will, by which he threw her into the magnetic sleep, even while her objections were warm upon her lips!

When he restored Ernestine to consciousness, she retired to her room, and threw herself upon her bed, in a state of mind that was more than half despair. The power of her brother over her had, for some weeks, filled her with alarm. She had begged him several times to desist from further experiments, but he would not hear to it. He was in search after something, he knew not what, as eagerly and madly as ever alchemist searched for the philosopher's stone. It was only at times that she felt this repugnance; usually she subjected herself to the mesmeric influence with a degree of pleasure—was, in truth, a passive and willing slave. While in this state, she did not think much of her absent lover; but when she thought with repugnance of the condition in which she had suffered herself to be brought by a voluntary surrender of her will to another, all the strength of her love returned, and she thought of him with the anguish of one, the object of whose dearest affections had been lost. This was her state of mind when she retired to her room, and threw herself upon her bed, as just related. In a short time sleep locked up her senses.

When Ernestine awoke, she found herself in a small room, the furniture of which was strange; and under circumstances new and alarming. She was evidently on ship board, and lying in a berth; for she could hear the rushing of waters, and feel the vessel's motion. A dim, pale light came in through a small window opposite to where she was lying. She raised herself up, and looked out upon the expanse of waters around her. Far in the distance stretched a hazy line, which she supposed to be land,

"Merciful Heaven! Where am I!" she exclaimed, sinking back upon her pillow. "What does this mean?"

The sound of her voice startled a figure, that was reclining on a chair, yet unnoticed by Ernestine.

This was the sister of Captain S——, who had been near her ever since she had been brought on board. The young girl came forward, and taking the hand of Ernestine, said:

"My dear lady! do not feel alarmed. You are with friends."

"But where am I? How came I here?"

eagerly asked Ernestine, rising up, and looking anxiously into the young stranger's face.

"You will know all in time," she replied in a gentle, soothing voice. "Wait patiently for a little while."

"But how came I on board of this vessel?"

"I cannot explain all. Only wait, dear lady! You are with friends who will love you and do everything to make you happy."

"So you have said before. But I cannot understand you. When last conscious, it was night, and I was in my own room, and now it is day-dawn, and I am on ship-board, sweeping over the waters, I know not where. But it must be a dream—I will awaken soon."

Ernestine laid herself back upon her pillow, as she said this, and closed her eyes for a few moments, feeling as if she was really in the mazes of a dream. As she did so, her companion stepped softly to the state room door, and opening it, spoke in a whisper to some one without. A man instantly came in, and going to the berth where Ernestine lay, called her name in tender accents. The eyes of the bewildered girl flew open, and she sprang up with an exclamation of surprise, not unmingled with pleasure, and looked eagerly into the face of him who had pronounced her name. An instant more, and they were fast locked in each other's arms. To P——, this was a moment of unspeakable happiness. His doubt, his fear, his anxiety all fled.

After the first strong emotions had subsided, Ernestine had many eager questions to ask, which were answered by Dr. P—— very cautiously; and not until the voyage was nearly completed, did she begin to comprehend fully the meaning of all that had occurred. Their marriage, which took place within a week after they landed in Cuba, showed her opinion of the whole proceeding. My first letter from Doctor P——, eagerly looked for, detailed all this, and assured me that his bride felt just as anxious as he did, that her brother should remain entirely ignorant in regard to her. And he did remain so until the day of his death, which took place a few years afterwards. All his efforts to discover the fate of his sister, such as advertisements, and other modes of publicity, failing, he sank into a morose and gloomy state of mind. He practiced no more in animal magnetism, and would not converse upon the subject with any one who introduced it. "To a young physician, who began to dabble in the new science, and who asked him some questions, he replied:

"You had better let it alone."

When asked his reason for this remark, he



excused himself, and said he did not wish to converse upon the subject. Hearing of these facts, I mentioned them in a letter to Dr. P——, and suggested that, such being the case, the necessity for concealing from him the knowledge that his sister still lived, no longer existed. But the husband of Ernestine thought differently. He spoke of Doctor M—— with harshness and reprobation to the last.

I think Doctor P—— is still living; but where I do not exactly know. His wife lived only a few years after her marriage. She never returned to Baltimore. Her husband, in writing to me, some time after her death, said, that although she regained in a great degree her former clearness and independence of mind, yet her mental faculties were evidently injured by the execrable conduct of her brother; and that there were times when she seemed to lose her power of thinking steadily on to a rational conclusion. But she was a loving wife, and a tender mother to the last; and he mourned her loss with unspeakable sorrow.

## SELECTIONS FROM NEW WORKS.

### "LIFE IN THE CLEARINGS."

[One of the most agreeable books of its day was Mrs. Moodie's "Roughing it in the Bush." We now have a pleasant volume from her pen, entitled "Life in the Clearings vs. The Bush," in which she sketches the state of society in the Upper Canadian Province, as existing at the present time. It is published by Dewitt & Davenport, New York. We make a few extracts from the volume.]

#### IGNORANT SELF-IMPORTANCE.

Most of the pretence and affected airs of importance occasionally met with in Canada, are not the genuine produce of the soil, but importations from the mother country; and, as sure as you hear any one boasting of the rank and consequence they possessed at home, you may be certain that it was quite the reverse. An old Dutch lady, after listening very attentively to a young Irishwoman's account of the grandeur of her father's family at home, said rather dryly to the self-exalted damsel,—

"Goodness me, child! if you were so well off, what brought you to a poor country like this? I am sure you had been much wiser had you staid to hum—"

"Yes. But my papa heard such fine commendations of the country, that he sold his estate to come out."

"To pay his debts, perhaps," said the provoking old woman.

"Ah, no, ma'am," she replied, very innocently, "he never paid them. He was told that it was a very fine climate, and he came for the good of our health."

"Why, my dear, you look as if you never had had a day's sickness in your life."

"No more I have," she replied, putting on a very languid air, "but I am very *delicate*."

This term *delicate*, be it known to my readers, is a favorite one with young ladies here, but its general application would lead you to imagine it another term for *laziness*. It is quite fashionable to be *delicate*, but horribly vulgar to be considered capable of enjoying such a useless blessing as good health. I knew a lady, when I first came to the colony, who had her children daily washed in water almost hot enough to scald a pig. On being asked why she did so, as it was not only an unhealthy practice, but would rob the little girls of their fine color, she exclaimed,—

"Oh, that is just what I do it for. I want them to look *delicate*. They have such red faces, and are as coarse and healthy as country girls."

The rosy face of the British emigrant is regarded as no beauty here. The Canadian women, like their neighbors, the Americans, have small regular features, but are mostly pale, or the faces are only slightly suffused with a faint flush. During the season of youth, this delicate tinting is very beautiful, but a few years deprive them of it, and leave a sickly, sallow pallor in its place. The loss of their teeth, too, is a great drawback to their personal charms, but these can be so well supplied by the dentist, that it is not so much felt; the thing is so universal, that it is hardly thought detrimental to an otherwise pretty face.

But to return to the mere pretenders in society, of which, of course, there are not a few here, as elsewhere. I once met two very stylishly-dressed women at a place of public entertainment. The father of these ladies had followed the lucrative but unaristocratic trade of a tailor in London. One of them began complaining to me of the mixed state of society in Canada, which she considered a dreadful calamity to persons like her and her sister; and ended her lamentations by exclaiming,—

"What would my pa' have thought could he have seen us here to-night? Is it not terrible for ladies to have to dance in the same room with storekeepers and their clerks?"

Another lady, of the same stamp, the daughter of a tavern-keeper, was indignant at being introduced to a gentleman whose father had followed the same calling.

Such persons seem to forget, that as long as



people retain their natural manners, and remain true to the dignity of their humanity, they cannot with any justice be called vulgar; for vulgarity consists in presumptuously affecting to be what we are not, and in claiming distinctions which we do not deserve, and which no one else would admit.

The farmer, in his homespun, may possess the real essentials which make the gentleman—good feeling, and respect for the feelings of others. The homely dress, weather-beaten face, and hard hands, could not deprive him of the honest independence and genial benevolence he derived from nature. No real gentleman would treat such a man, however humble his circumstances, with insolence or contempt. But place the same man out of his class, dress him in the height of fashion, and let him attempt to imitate the manners of the great, and the whole world would laugh at the counterfeit.

Uneducated, ignorant people often rise by their industry to great wealth in the colony; to such the preference shown to the educated man always seems a puzzle. Their ideas of gentility consist in being the owners of fine clothes, fine houses, splendid furniture, expensive equipages, and plenty of money. They have all these, yet even the most ignorant feel that something else is required. They cannot comprehend the mysterious ascendancy of mind over mere animal enjoyments; yet they have sense enough, by bestowing a liberal education on their children, to endeavor, at least in their case, to remedy the evil.

The affectation of wishing people to think that you had been better off in the mother country than in Canada, is not confined to the higher class of emigrants. The very poorest are the most remarked for this ridiculous boasting. A servant girl of mine told me, with a very grand toss of the head, "that she did not choose to *demand* herself by scrubbing a floor; that she belonged to the *ra'ul gentry* in the ould country, and her papa and mamma niver brought her up to hard work."

This interesting scion of the aristocracy was one of the coarsest specimens of female humanity I ever beheld. If I called her to bring a piece of wood for the parlor fire, she would thrust her tangled, uncombed red head in at the door, and shout at the top of her voice, "Did yer holler?"

One of our working men, wishing to impress me with the dignity of his wife's connexions, said, with all becoming solemnity of look and manner,—

"Doubtless, ma'am, you have heard in the ould country of Connor's racers: Margaret's father kept those racers."

When I recalled the person of the individual whose fame was so widely spread at home, and thought of the racers, I could hardly keep a "straight face," as an American friend terms laughing, when you are bound to look grave.

#### CRITICISM ON AN AUTHORESS.

The idea that some country people form of an author is highly amusing. One of my boys was tauntingly told by another lad at school, "that his ma' said that Mrs. M—— invented lies, and got money for them." This was her estimation of works of mere fiction.

Once I was driven by a young Irish friend to call upon the wife of a rich farmer in the country. We were shown by the master of the house into a very handsomely furnished room, in which there was no lack of substantial comfort, and even of some elegancies, in the shape of books, pictures, and a piano. The good man left us to inform his wife of our arrival, and for some minutes we remained in solemn state, until the mistress of the house made her appearance.

She had been called from the washtub, and like a sensible woman, was not ashamed of her domestic occupation. She came in wiping the suds from her hands on her apron, and gave us a very hearty and friendly welcome. She was a short, stout, middle-aged woman, with a very pleasing countenance; and though only in her colored flannel working-dress, with a night-cap on her head, and spectacled nose, there was something in her frank, good-natured face that greatly prepossessed us in her favor.

After giving us the common compliments of the day, she drew her chair just in front of me, and, resting her elbows on her knees, and dropping her chin between her hands, she sat regarding me with such a fixed gaze, that it became very embarrassing.

"So," says she, at last, "you are Mrs. M——?"

"Yes."

"The woman that writes?"

"The same."

She drew back her chair for a few paces, with a deep-drawn sigh, in which disappointment and surprise seemed strangely to mingle. "Well, I have he'rd a great deal about you, and I wanted to see you bad for a long time; but you are only a humly person like myself after all. Why, I do think, if I had on my best gown and cap, I should look a great deal younger and better than you."

I told her that I had no doubt of the fact.

"And pray," continued she, with the same provoking scrutiny, "how old do you call yourself?"

I told her my exact age.

"Humph!" quoth she, as if she rather doubted my word, "two years younger nor me! you look a great deal older nor that."

After a long pause, and another searching gaze, "Do you call those teeth your own?"

"Yes," said I, laughing; for I could retain my gravity no longer; "in the very truest sense of the word they are mine, as God gave them to me."

"You are luckier than your neighbors," said she. "But ain't you greatly troubled with headaches?"

"No," said I, rather startled at this fresh interrogatory.

"My!" exclaimed she, "I thought you must be, your eyes are so sunk in your head. Well, well, so you are Mrs. M——, of Belleville, the woman that writes. You are but a humbly body after all."

While this curious colloquy was going on, my poor Irish friend sat on thorns, and tried, by throwing in a little judicious blarney, to soften the thrusts of the home truths to which he had unwittingly exposed me. Between every pause in the conversation, he broke in with—"I am sure Mrs. M—— is a fine-looking woman—a very young-looking woman for her age. Any person might know at a glance that those teeth were her own. They look too natural to be false."

Now, I am certain that the poor little woman never meant to wound my feelings, nor give me offence. She literally spoke her thoughts, and I was too much amused with the whole scene to feel the least irritated by her honest bluntness. She expected to find in an author something quite out of the common way, and I did not come up at all to her expectations.

Her opinion of me was not more absurd than the remarks of two ladies who, after calling upon me for the first time, communicated the result of their observations to a mutual friend.

"We have seen Mrs. M——, and we were so surprised to find her just like other people!"

"What did you expect to see in her?"

"Oh, something very different. We were very much disappointed."

"That she was not sitting upon her head," said my friend, smiling; "I like Mrs. M——, because she is in every respect like other people; and I should not have taken her for a blue-stocking at all."

#### TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.

A friend related to me the following anecdote of a physician in his native town:—This man, who was eminent in his profession, and highly respected by all who knew him, secretly in-

dulged in the pernicious habit of dram-drinking, and after a while bade fair to sink into a hopeless drunkard. At the earnest solicitations of his weeping wife and daughter he consented to sign the pledge, and not only ardent spirits but every sort of intoxicating beverage was banished from the house.

The use of alcohol is allowed in cases of sickness to the most rigid disciplinarian, and our doctor began to find that keeping his pledge was a more difficult matter than he had at first imagined. Still, for *example's sake*, of course, a man of his standing in society had only joined for *example's sake*; he did not like openly to break it. He therefore feigned violent toothache, and sent the servant girl over to a friend's house to borrow a small phial of brandy.

The brandy was sent, with many kind wishes for the doctor's speedy recovery. The phial now came every night to be refilled; and the doctor's toothache seemed likely to become a case of incurable *tic douloureux*. His friend took the alarm. He found it both expensive and inconvenient, providing the doctor with his nightly dose; and wishing to see how matters really stood, he followed the maid and the brandy one evening to the doctor's house.

He entered unannounced. It was as he expected. The doctor was lounging in his easy chair before the fire, indulging in a hearty fit of laughter over some paragraph in a newspaper, which he held in his hand.

"Ah! my dear J——, I am so glad to find you so well. I thought, by your sending for the brandy, that you were dying with the toothache."

The doctor, rather confounded—"Why, yes; I have been sadly troubled with it of late. It does not come on, however, before eight o'clock, and if I cannot get a mouthful of brandy, I never can get a wink of sleep all night."

"Did you ever have it before you took the pledge?"

"Never!" said the doctor, emphatically.

"Perhaps the cold water does not agree with you?"

The doctor began to understand him, and fell vigorously to mending the fire.

"I tell you what it is, J——," said the other, "the toothache is a *nervous affection*. It is the brandy that is the *disease*. It may cure you of an imaginary toothache, but I assure you, that it gives your wife and daughter an *incurable heartache*."

The doctor felt at that moment a strange palpitation at his own. The scales fell suddenly from his eyes, and for the first time his conduct appeared in its true light. Returning the bot-

tle to his friend, he said very humbly—"Take it out of my sight; I feel my error now. I will cure their heartache by curing myself of this beastly vice."

The doctor, from that hour, became a temperate man. He soon regained his failing practice, and the esteem of his friends. The appeal to his better feelings effected a permanent change in his habits, which signing the pledge had not been able to do. To keep up an appearance of consistency, he had had recourse to a mean subterfuge, while touching his heart produced a lasting reform.

#### GOING INTO MOURNING.

The ancients were more consistent in their mourning than the civilized people of the present day. They sat upon the ground and fasted, with rent garments, and ashes strewn upon their heads. This mortification of the flesh was a sort of penance inflicted by the self-tortured mourner for his own sins, and those of the dead. If this grief were not of a deep or lasting nature, the mourner found relief for his mental agonies in humiliation and personal suffering. He did not array himself in silk, and wool, and fine linen, and garments cut in the most approved fashion of the day, like our modern beaux and belles, when they testify to the public their grief for the loss of relation or friend, in the most expensive and becoming manner.

Verily, if we must wear our sorrow upon our sleeve, why not return to the sackcloth and ashes, as the most consistent demonstration of that grief which, hidden in the heart, surpasseth show?

But, then, sackcloth is a most unmanageable material. A handsome figure would be lost, buried, annihilated, in a sackcloth gown; it would be so horribly rough; it would wound the delicate skin of a fine lady; it could not be confined in graceful folds by clasps of jet, and pearl and ornaments in black and gold.—"Sackcloth? Faugh!—away with it. It smells of the knotted scourge and the charnal-house." We, too, say "Away with it!" True grief has no need of such miserable provocatives to woe.

The barbarians who cut and disfigure their faces for the dead, showed a noble contempt of the world, by destroying those personal attractions which the loss of the beloved had taught them to despise. But who now would have the fortitude and self-denial to imitate such an example? The mourners in crape, and silk, and French merino, would rather *aje themselves* than sacrifice their beauty at the shrine of such a monstrous sorrow.

How often have I heard a knot of gossips ex-

claim, as some widow of a gentleman in fallen circumstances glided by in her rusty weeds, "What shabby black that woman wears for her husband! I should be ashamed to appear in public in such faded mourning."

And yet, the purchase of that *shabby black* may have cost the desolate mourner and her orphan children the price of many a necessary meal. Ah! this putting of a poor family into black, and all the funeral trappings for pallbearers and mourners, what a terrible affair it is! what anxious thoughts! what bitter heart-aches it costs!

But the usages of society demand the sacrifice, and it must be made. The head of the family has suddenly been removed from his earthly toils, at a most complicated crisis of his affairs, which are so involved that scarcely enough can be collected to pay the expenses of the funeral and put his family into decent mourning; but every exertion must be made to do this. The money that might, after the funeral was over, have paid the rent of a small house, and secured the widow and her young family from actual want, until she could look around and obtain some situation in which she could earn a living for herself and them, must all be sunk in conforming to a useless custom, upheld by pride and vanity in the name of grief.

"How will the funeral expenses ever be paid?" exclaims the anxious, weeping mother. "When it is all over, and the mourning bought, there will not remain a single copper to find us in bread." The sorrow of obtaining this useless outward grief engrosses all the available means of the family, and that is expended upon the dead which might, with careful management, have kept the living from starving. Oh, vanity of vanities! there is no folly on earth that exceeds the vanity of this!

There are many persons who put off their grief when they put on their mourning, and it is a miserable satire on mankind to see these sombre-clad beings in festal halls mingling with the gay and happy, their melancholy garments affording a painful contrast to light laughter, and eyes sparkling with pleasure.

Their levity, however, must not be mistaken for hypocrisy. The world is in fault, not they. Their grief is already over,—gone like a cloud from before the sun; but they are forced to wear black for a *given time*. They are true to their nature, which teaches them that "no grief with man is permanent," that the storms of to-day will not darken the heavens to-morrow. It is complying with a *lying custom* that makes them *hypocrites*: and, as the world always judges by appearances, it so happens that by

adhering to one of its conventional rules, appearances in this instance are against them.

Nay, the very persons who, in the first genuine outburst of natural grief besought them to moderate their sorrow, to dry their tears, and be comforted for the loss they had sustained, are among the first to censure them for following advice so common and useless. Tears are as necessary to the afflicted as showers are to the parched earth, and are the best and sweetest remedy for excessive grief.

To the mourner we would say—Weep on; nature requires your tears. They are sent in mercy by Him who wept at the grave of his friend Lazarus. The Man of Sorrows himself taught us to weep.

We once heard a very beautiful volatile young lady exclaim, with something very like glee in her look and tone, after reading a letter she had received by the post, with its ominous black bordering and seal—"Grandmamma is dead! We shall have to go into deep mourning. I am so glad, for black is so becoming to me!"

An old aunt, who was present, expressed her surprise at this indecorous avowal; when the young lady replied, with great *naivete*—"I never saw grandmamma in my life. I cannot be expected to feel any grief for her death."

"Perhaps not," said the aunt. "But why, then, make a show of that which you do not feel?"

"Oh, it's the custom of the world. You know we must. It would be considered *shocking* not to go into deep mourning for such a near relation."

The young lady inherited a very nice legacy, too, from her grandmamma; and, had she spoken the truth, she would have said, *I cannot weep for joy*.

Her mourning, in consequence, was of the deepest and most expensive kind; and she really did look charming in her "*love of a black crape bonnet*!" as she skipped before the glass, admiring herself and it, when it came home fresh from the milliner's.

In contrast to the pretty young heiress, we knew a sweet orphan girl whose grief for the death of her mother, to whom she was devotedly attached, lay deeper than this hollow tinsel show; and yet the painful thought that she was too poor to pay this mark of respect to the memory of her beloved parent, in a manner suited to her birth and station, added greatly to the poignancy of her sorrow.

A family who had long been burthened with a cross old aunt, who was a martyr to rheumatism, and whose violent temper kept the whole house in awe, and whom they dared not

offend for fear of her leaving her wealth to strangers, were in the habit of devoutly wishing the old lady a *happy* release from her sufferings. When this long anticipated event at length took place, the very servants were put into the deepest mourning. What a solemn farce—we should say, lie—was this!

The daughters of a wealthy farmer had prepared everything to attend the great agricultural provincial show. Unfortunately, a grandfather, to whom they all seemed greatly attached, died most inconveniently the day before, and as they seldom keep a body in Canada over the second day, he was buried early in the morning of the one appointed for their journey. They attended the remains to the grave, but after the funeral was over, they put off their black garments and started for the show, and did not resume them again until after their return. People may think this very shocking, but it was not the laying aside the black that was so, but the fact of their being able to go from a grave to a scene of confusion and gaiety. The black clothes had nothing to do with this want of feeling, which would have remained the same under a black or a scarlet vestment.

A gentleman in this neighborhood, since dead, who attended a public ball the same week that he had seen a lovely child consigned to the earth, would have remained the same heartless parent dressed in the deepest sables.

No instance that I have narrated of the business-like manner in which Canadians treat death, is more ridiculously striking than the following:

The wife of a rich mechanic had a brother lying, it was supposed, at the point of death. His sister sent a note to me, requesting me to relinquish an engagement I had made with a sewing girl, in her favor, as she wanted her immediately to make her mourning, the doctor having told her that her brother could not live many days.

"Mrs. — is going to be beforehand with death," I said, as I gave the girl the desired release. "I have known instances of persons being too late with their mourning to attend a funeral, but this is the first time I ever heard of it being made in anticipation."

After a week the girl returned to her former employment.

"Well, Anne, is Mr. — dead?"

"No, ma'am, nor likely to die this time; and his sister is so vexed that she bought such expensive mourning, and all for no purpose!"

The brother of this provident lady is alive to this day, the husband of a very pretty wife, and the father of a family, while she, poor body,



has been consigned to the grave for more than three years.

During her own dying illness, a little girl greatly disturbed her sick mother with the noise she made. Her husband, as an inducement to keep the child quiet, said, "Mary, if you do not quit that, I'll whip you; but if you keep still like a good girl, you shall go to ma's funeral."

An artist cousin of mine was invited, with many other members of the Royal Academy, to attend the funeral of the celebrated Nollekens, the sculptor. The party filled twelve mourning coaches, and were furnished with silk gloves, scarfs, and hatbands, and a dinner was provided after the funeral was over, at one of the large hotels. "A merrier set than we were on that day," said my cousin, "I never saw. We all got jovial, and it was midnight before any of us reached our respective homes. The whole affair vividly brought to my mind that description of the 'Gondola,' given so graphically by Byron, that it

'Contain'd much fun,

Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.'"

Some years ago, I witnessed the funeral of a young lady, the only child of very wealthy parents, who resided in Bedford-square. The heiress of their enviable riches was a very delicate, fragile-looking girl, and on the day that she attained her majority her parents gave a large dinner party, followed by a ball in the evening, to celebrate the event. It was during the winter; the night was very cold, the crowded rooms overheated, the young lady thinly but magnificently clad. She took a chill in leaving the close ball-room for the large, ill-warmed supper-room, and three days after, the hope of these rich people lay insensible on her bier.

I heard from every one that called upon Mrs. L——, the relative and friend with whom I was staying, of the magnificent funeral that would be given to Miss C——. Ah, little heeded that pale, crushed flower of yesterday, the pomp that was to convey her from the hot-bed of luxury to the cold, damp vault of St. Giles's melancholy looking church! I stood at Mrs. L——'s window, which commanded a view of the whole square, to watch the procession pass up Russel street to the place of interment. The morning was intensely cold, and large snow-flakes fell lazily and heavily to the earth. The poor dingy sparrows, with their feathers ruffled up, hopped mournfully along the pavement in search of food; they,

"In spite of all their feathers, were a-cold."

The mutes that attended the long line of mourning coaches stood motionless, leaning on their

long staffs wreathed with white, like so many figures that the frost-king had stiffened into stone. The hearse, with its snowy plumes, drawn by six milk-white horses, might have served for the regal car of his northern majesty, so ghost-like and chilly were its sepulchral trappings. At length the coffin, covered with black velvet, and a pall lined with white silk and fringed with silver, was borne from the house and deposited in the gloomy depths of the stately hearse. The hired mourners, in their sable dresses and long white hatbands and scarfs, rode slowly forward mounted on white horses, to attend this bride of death to her last resting place. The first three carriages that followed contained the family physician and surgeon, a clergyman, and the male servants of the house, in deep sables. The family carriage too, was there, but empty, and of a procession in which 145 private carriages made a conspicuous show, all but those enumerated above were empty. Strangers drove strange horses to that vast funeral, and hired servants were the only members of the family that conducted the last scion of that family to the grave. Truly, it was the most dismal spectacle we ever witnessed, and we turned from it sick at heart, and with eyes moist with tears—not shed for the dead, for she had escaped from this vexatious vanity, but from the heartless mockery of all this fictitious woe.

The expense of such a funeral probably involved many hundred pounds, which had been better bestowed on charitable purposes.

Another evil, arising out of this absurd custom, is the high price attached to black clothing, on account of the necessity that compels people to wear it for so long a period after the death of a near relation, making it a matter of still greater difficulty for the poorer class to comply with the usages of society.

"But who cares about the poor, whether they go into mourning for their friends or no? it is a matter of no consequence."

Ah, there it is. And this is not the least forcible argument we have to advance against this useless custom. If it becomes a moral duty for the rich to put on black for the death of a friend, it must be morally necessary for the poor to do the same. We see no difference in the degrees of moral feeling; the soul of man is of no rank, but of equal value in our eyes, whether belonging to rich or poor. But this usage is so general, and the neglect of it considered such a disgrace, that it leaves a very wide door open for the entrance of false pride.

Poverty is an evil which most persons, however humble their stations may be, most care-



fully endeavor to conceal. To avoid an exposure of their real circumstances, they will deprive themselves of the common necessities of life, and incur debts which they have no prospect of paying, rather than allow their neighbors to suspect that they cannot afford a *handsome funeral* and good *mourning* for any deceased member of their family. If such persons would but follow the dictates of true wisdom, honesty, and truth, no dread of the opinion of others should tempt them to do what they cannot afford. Their grief for the dead would not be less sincere if they followed the body of the beloved in their ordinary costume to the grave; nor is the spectacle less imposing divested of the solemn foppery which attends the funerals of persons who move in respectable society.

Some years ago, when it was the fashion in England (and may be it remains the fashion still) to give black silk scarfs and hatbands at funerals, mean and covetous persons threw themselves in the way of picking up these stray loaves and fishes. A lady, who lived in the same town with me, after I was married, boasted to me that her husband (who always contrived to be a necessary attendant on such occasions) found her in all the black silk she required for articles of dress, and that he had not purchased a pair of gloves for many years.

About two years before old King George the Third died, a report got about that he could not survive many days. There was a general rush among all ranks to obtain mourning. Up went the price of black goods; Norwich crapes and bombazines rose ten per cent., and those who were able to secure a black garment at any price, to show their loyalty, were deemed very fortunate. And after all this fuss, and hurry, and confusion, the poor mad old king disappointed the speculators in sables, and lived on in darkness and mental aberration for two whole years. The mourning of some on that occasion was *real*, not imaginary.

**Upright Men.**—We love upright men. Pull them this way and the other, and they only bend, but never break. Trip them down, and in a trice they are on their feet again. Bury them in the mud, and in an hour they will be out and bright. You cannot keep them down—you cannot destroy them. They are the salt of the earth. Who but they start any noble project? They build our cities, white the ocean with our sails, and blacken the heavens with the smoke of their cars. Look to them, young men, and catch the spark of their energy.

## SONG OF THE INEBRIATE.

Where are the friends that to me were so dear,  
Long, long ago—long, long ago?  
Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer,  
Long, long ago—long ago?  
Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low,  
Hopes that I cherished are fled from me now,  
I am degraded, for rum was my foe—  
Long, long ago—long ago!

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head,  
Long, long ago—long, long ago.  
Oh! how I wept when I knew she was dead!  
Long, long ago—long ago.  
She was an angel! my love and my guide!  
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried;  
Poor broken hearted! 'twas well that she died—  
Long, long ago—long ago.

Let me look back on the days of my youth,  
Long, long ago—long, long ago.  
I was no stranger to virtue and truth,  
Long, long ago—long ago.  
Oh! for the hopes that were pure as the day!  
Oh! for the joys that were purer than they!  
Oh! for the hours that I've squandered away—  
Long, long ago—long ago.

## REPLY TO THE SONG OF THE INEBRIATE.

Say not, Oh! brother! thy hopes are all fled,  
Lost in despair;  
Though the friends of thy youth lie low with the dead,  
Thou art not there.  
There are yet hopes which thy bosom shall warm;  
There are yet friends still surviving the storm;  
Friends that shall gather around thy worn form—  
Oh! heed their prayer.

Then rouse thee, Oh! brother! arouse in thy might,—  
Strong is thy foe.  
Gird thee with strength for the battle of right—  
He may lie low.  
Look not on hours thou hast squandered away;  
Up! seize the promise that waits on to-day;  
Would'st thou be victor? arouse thee and pray—  
Triumph o'er woe.

See how the father doth bend o'er the son,  
Long, long astray;  
Look at what Jesus for sinners hath done—  
He is the way.  
Bright are the hopes that await even thou;  
Manhood again shall be stamped on thy brow;  
He is the hero whose watchword is now,  
Turn thee to-day.

S. A. J.

Habit in a child is at first like a spider's web; if neglected, it becomes a thread or a twine, next a cord or a rope, finally a cable; and then who can break it?

# EMINENT EUROPEAN TRAVELLERS

IN THE UNITED STATES,  
DURING THE PRESIDENCY OF WASHINGTON.

From Dr. Griswold's splendid Work, "The Republican Court."

The United States were visited, during the eight years of Washington's administration, by many eminent foreigners, some in official capacities, some to observe the workings of our new institutions, others in search of the picturesque, and a few perhaps who were of the class whom Sterne describes as "simple travellers;" but a great majority of the most distinguished were driven to this country by the French revolution. The presence of these strangers was advantageous in many respects; among them were a considerable number familiar with the practical details of various governments, and more were high-bred gentlemen; they brought to us the ideas and manners of a splendid though wrecked civilization, and strange experiences, fruitful of wise suggestion; to our forming society they offered examples of courtly usages, and to the children of our wealthier families, in several instances, princes and nobles for teachers and associates. Upon our condition they embroidered much of what was most deserving our acceptance in the higher and better life of the older nations.

The earliest of the illustrious exiles from France who landed upon our shores was Chateaubriand, a nephew of Malesherbes; he arrived in New York in 1790, and after passing a few weeks here and in Philadelphia, ascended the Hudson, and by the great lakes pursued his way to the valley of the Mississippi, and finally to the shores of the Pacific. To his wanderings among the grand and gloomy forests of America the world is indebted for the most impressive and beautiful displays of his intelligence. Here he wrote "The Natchez," and conceived "The Genius of Christianity." He returned to Europe in 1792.

Count Andriani, of Milan, also visited the United States in 1790. He was the bearer of an ode addressed to Washington by Alfieri. Andriani afterward published an abusive account of American politics and manners, which the President characterized in a letter to Humphreys, as "an insult to the inhabitants of a country where he received more attention and civility than he seems to merit."

On the sixth of May, 1793, in the ship which brought back to his native city the celebrated preacher, Dr. Duche, came the Viscount de Noailles, a brother-in-law of Lafayette, and a brave and sagacious soldier in our own revolution. The same evening he attended Mrs.

Washington's drawing-room, and it was stated in some of the Jacobin papers that he remained closeted nearly all night with the President, as ambassador from the exiled princes at Coblenz; but so far was this from being true, that he retired to his lodgings at a very early hour, and never saw his old commander and friend except in public, so careful was the Chief not to furnish any just ground of complaint against his conduct by the French faction. With a countryman, M. Talon, the viscount bought lands and projected a settlement, to be an asylum for the exiles, on the Susquehanna; but failing to receive expected funds from Europe, the scheme was abandoned. His means became very limited, and Mr. Bingham, with whom he had been intimate in Paris, gave him the use of some third-story rooms in a building which stood at the west end of his garden, having an entrance from Fourth street. Here on one occasion he gave a dinner to several noblemen and gentlemen, who, while the table was being laid, were obliged to sit in his sleeping-room, using the bed for want of chairs. The viands had been cooked in Mr. Bingham's kitchen, and the table was attended by his servants.

In 1794 the three most remarkable Englishmen in America were William Cobbett, Joseph Priestley, and Thomas Cooper. Public opinion is still divided as to their comparative respectability, but they were all able, ambitious, and persevering. Cobbett began his career in Philadelphia as a writer of political pamphlets, under the name of Peter Porcupine, and soon after became a bookseller, at the same time publishing a daily newspaper under the title of Porcupine's Gazette. His English was admirable for purity and strength, and was used most successfully in invective, of which he was a consummate master. He opposed the French interest, which Priestly and Cooper supported. Dr. Priestly was disappointed at his reception in this country. His fame as a philosopher, a fine writer, and a political martyr, procured him only a few dinners, in New York, where he landed, and in Philadelphia, to which city he soon after proceeded. His son, who arrived in America some time before him, had bought lands in Northumberland, on the Susquehanna, and as "it became necessary, even for the preservation of his celebrity in Europe," says the Duke de Liancourt, "to withdraw from a scene where his attempt to attract universal attention had completely failed," he retired to that place, where he occupied himself with writing for the press, and an extensive correspondence, now and then coming down to Philadelphia for a

week's enjoyment of society. Dr. Cooper, who had been one of Priestly's intimate friends in England, and in France had been a partisan of Brissot, also settled in Northumberland. Alexander Baring, afterward Lord Ashburton, was in Philadelphia about the same time. He married the eldest daughter of Mr. Bingham. The British minister at this period was Mr. George Hammond, who is described as "a fine looking man, stout and rosy faced, wearing a full powdered wig." Oliver Wolcott says he was "a weak, vain, and imprudent character, very much in the company and under the influence of sour and prejudiced Tories, who wished to see the country disgraced." He married one of the Misses Allen, a girl of remarkable beauty.

It was in the spring of 1794 that the exiled Bishop of Autun, M. de Talleyrand, no longer safe in England, sought a refuge in the United States. He brought a letter to Washington from the Marquis of Lansdowne, who commended him for the manner in which he had conducted himself during his three years' residence in London. Mrs. Church, a daughter of General Schuyler, and sister of Mrs. Hamilton, gave him a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Breck, of Philadelphia. "I request," she writes, "that MM. de Talleyrand and de Beaumet may be of the number of those admitted to the pleasure of your acquaintance. Europe has seldom parted with persons of more information, or more inclined to appreciate the merits and manners of our countrymen." Washington wrote to Lord Lansdowne at the end of August, "It is a matter of no small regret to me that considerations of a public nature, which you will easily conjecture, have not hitherto permitted me to manifest towards that gentleman the sense I entertain of his personal character, and of your lordship's recommendation; but I am informed that the reception he has met with, in general, has been such as to console him, as far as the state of society here will admit of it, for what he has relinquished in leaving Europe. Time must naturally be favorable to him everywhere, and may be expected to raise a man of his merit above the temporary disadvantages which in revolutions result from differences of political opinion." It has been suggested that this extraordinary character was a native of Mount Desert, in Maine, and some curious facts have been adduced in support of such an opinion. It appears that he had not been long in the country before Mr. Edward Robbins, afterward Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, discovered him incog. at Mount Desert, wandering about without any apparent motive. The older inhabitants of that secluded place thought they

recognized in him an illegitimate son of the pretty daughter of a fisherman and the captain of a French national ship which had been there about the year 1753. The boy, they said, when twelve or thirteen years of age, his mother being dead, had been taken away by a French gentleman, who declared that he was descended from a noble family in France. We may know about this in 1868, when the autobiography of the prince, according to his last injunctions, will be published. He became a citizen of the United States, and his certificate of naturalization was for a long time in Peale's Museum. In Philadelphia he lived at Oeller's hotel, and in New York at the house which had been occupied by the President, at the foot of Broadway—in 1794 a fashionable boarding-house. Though admired for his abilities, he was hated for the heartlessness which he displayed in regard to the sufferings of his countrymen. One cold day he entered the drawing-room, wearing, as was not unusual at that period, buckskin pantaloons, and took a position on the hearth, close to the fire. The heat soon caused the leather to scorch and smoke, and the faces of the company evinced the restraint of good breeding struggling against a provocation of laughter. Talleyrand's quick eye penetrated the mask without discovering its cause, until he seated himself, when his sudden cry of pain compelled the women to flee to other rooms where they might give vent to their merriment. His personal appearance was as remarkable as his character. He was very tall, and had light hair, which he wore long and parted in front; he had expressive blue eyes, and a sallow complexion; his mouth was wide and coarse; his body large and "protuberant in front;" his legs were singularly small, and his feet deformed. His manner was tranquil and watchful, and in some respects extremely vulgar and repulsive. A woman at whose house, in New York, he frequently dined, said he would sometimes rest his elbows on the table, supporting his face between his hands, and carry on a conversation with his mouth so full that he could hardly speak; and he would cut all the meat on his plate into small pieces, pierce them with his fork, until its prongs were full, then thrust them into his mouth, and, closing his teeth, pull out the fork, leaving all its freight in his capacious jaws. It is related by M. Brierre de Boismont that he came near losing his life in this city by the hands of his friend Beaumet. In his old age the conversation in his presence was one day turned to those instantaneous warnings which some regard as communications from the invisible world. "I can never for-

get," remarked the prince, "that I was once gifted, for a moment, with an extraordinary and inexplicable prescience, which was the means of saving my life. Without that sudden and mysterious inspiration, I should not be here to recount these curious details. I was intimately connected with one of my countrymen, M. Beaumet. We had always lived on the best terms, and in those stormy times, when the expression of friendship required almost a divine courage, something more than friendship was needed to unite persons. I had no cause to doubt his affection; on the contrary, he had on several occasions given the most devoted proofs of his attachment to my person and interests. We had together quitted England to take refuge in New York, and had hitherto lived in perfect harmony. Wishing to increase our little capital, I had freighted a ship, half shares with him, to try our fortune in the Indies. We were ready for our departure, but waited for a favorable wind with the greatest impatience. This state of uncertainty appeared to sour poor Beaumet to a most extraordinary degree. Incapable of remaining quiet, he roamed the city with a feverish activity, which, for the moment, excited my surprise, for he was remarkable for his calmness and placidity. One day he entered the room, evidently under intense excitement, although he used great efforts to restrain himself. I was writing letters to Europe. Leaning over my shoulder, he said, with a forced gaiety, "Why do you lose time in writing these letters? they will never reach their destination; come with me, and let us make the round of the Battery; the wind may become favorable; perhaps we are nearer to our departure than we think!" The day was magnificent, although the wind was high; I allowed myself to be persuaded. Beaumet, as I afterwards recollected, showed extraordinary alacrity in closing my desk, arranging my papers, and offering my hat and cane, which I attributed to the need of incessant activity with which he had appeared overwhelmed ever since our forced departure. We threaded the well-peopled streets, and reached the Battery. He had offered me his arm, and hurried on as if he were in haste to reach it. When we were on the grand esplanade, he hastened still more, until we reached the edge. He spoke loudly and rapidly, and admired, in energetic terms, the beauty of the scene. Suddenly he stopped, in the midst of his disordered conversation. I had disengaged my arm from his, and stood firmly before him. I fixed my eye upon him, and he moved aside, as if intimidated and ashamed. "Beaumet!" cried I, "your intention is to kill

me; you mean to throw me from this height into the sea! Deny it, monster, if you dare!" The insane man looked at me intently with his haggard eyes for a moment; but I was careful not to remove my gaze from him, and they fell. He muttered some incoherent words, and endeavored to pass me, but I spread my arms and prevented him. Casting a wild look around, he threw himself on my neck, and burst into tears. "It is true, it is true, my friend! the thought has haunted me day and night like an infernal flame. It was for that I brought you here; see, you are not a foot from the precipice! another instant, the deed would have been done!" The demon had abandoned him; his eyes were void of expression; a white foam covered his parched lips; the crisis had passed. I conducted him home. Some days of rest, bleeding, and dieting entirely cured him, and, what is the most singular circumstance of all, we never referred to the occurrence." The old minister was persuaded that, on that day, his destiny would have been decided, but for his sudden suspicion of Beaumet, and he never spoke on the subject without the greatest emotion.

M. Jean Antoine Joseph Fauchet, afterward Baron Fauchet, who succeeded M. Genet as minister from France, was thirty years of age, and had won some applause in Paris as a political writer, but was without any very marked social characteristics. John Adams writes, in March, 1794: "He is not quite so unreserved as his predecessor; he seems to me to be in great distress; he was received by the galleries in the theatre with three cheers, but the people have not addressed him or made much noise about him. At the birth-night ball he was placed by the managers on the right hand of the President, which gave great offence to the Spanish commissioners; and, it is said, Mr. Hammond has left the theatre, offended and disgusted at some popular distinctions there." He is remembered in this country chiefly in connection with his celebrated despatches respecting Secretary Randolph. He was superseded by the appointment of M. Pierre Auguste Adet, who arrived in Philadelphia in the summer of 1795. M. Adet was of about the same age, and besides his successes in politics had won consideration as a chemist. Wolcott wrote of him to his wife, "He appears to be a mild-tempered and well-educated man, and no Jacobin. Dupont, who, you know, was here 1.00 years ago, is secretary to the legation. Both he and the minister have handsome wives, and this is a good sign." Wolcott thought he would not be violent or troublesome in his relations with the government, but he as well as others were, in this respect, mistaken.



About the end of the year 1794 the Duc de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt, after a residence of some fifteen months in England, arrived in Philadelphia, with many letters of introduction, and preceded by an honorable and distinguished reputation. He was about forty-five years of age, and Thiers describes him as having been in the earlier days of the French revolution, when he was President of the National Assembly, alike eminent for his virtues, great talents, and liberal feelings. His immense estates had been confiscated, but he possessed while in this country an income sufficient for the satisfaction of his moderate desires. After remaining in Philadelphia five months, he set out on his travels, and in the course of the next three years visited nearly every state in the Union. The families with which he was most intimate in Philadelphia were those of General Knox and Judge Chew. After his return to France he published a work on the Prisons of Philadelphia, and an account of his residence in the United States, in eight volumes.

Louis Philippe d'Orleans, under an assumed name, had taught geometry among the mountains of Switzerland, and, melancholy, gentle, unassuming, and laborious, had been an object of affectionate interest to all his associates and pupils, none of whom knew his rank or even his country. In 1796, Mr. Gouverneur Morris enabled him to come to the United States, and wrote to his correspondents in New York, giving the young prince an unlimited credit while he should reside or travel here. Louis Philippe, however, was too just to avail himself in any unnecessary degree of Mr. Morris's generosity, and had been so familiar with misfortune as to experience little difficulty in accommodating himself to an extremely modest style of living. In Philadelphia, he had a single room, over a barber's shop, where he lodged, and on one occasion gave a dinner, at which were present, besides two or three exiles, Mr. Copley, afterward Lord Lyndhurst, and several Americans. He apologized for seating one-half his guests on the side of a bed: He "had himself occupied less comfortable places, without the consolation of an agreeable company." He was now about twenty-three years of age, above the middle stature, and had a dark complexion, sunken eyes, and a very dignified deportment. He was intimate with Mr. Bingham's family, and offered himself to one of his daughter's. The senator declined the royal alliance: "Should you ever be restored to your hereditary position," he said to the duke, "you will be too great a match for her; if not, she is too great a match for you." In February, 1797, he was joined by his two

brothers, the Duke de Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais, and the three princes, with a single servant, who had accompanied the Duke of Orleans ever since he left Paris, set out on horseback to see the interior of the United States. They visited Washington, at Mount Vernon, and, after a tour through the south, returned by way of Niagara Falls to Philadelphia, where they were under a necessity of remaining during the prevalence of the yellow fever in the summer of that year.

John Singleton Copley, son of John Singleton Copley, the painter, was born in Boston, and was carried to England when about two years of age, before the revolution. He was now about twenty-four, and was a tranquil and quiet gentleman, rather tall and thin, with light complexion, blue eyes and courteous manners. He was reputed to be a good scholar, but evinced no such distinguished abilities as would have justified a prophecy that he was to become Lord Chancellor of England. The Duke of Kent, son of George the Third, and father of Victoria, was here at the same time. The British minister who succeeded Mr. Hammond, was Mr. Liston. He arrived in Philadelphia on the twelfth of May, 1796. His last diplomatic service had been at Constantinople. Wolcott describes him as an "amiable, worthy man." He was a Scotchman, of middling size, and wore a wig with side curls.

On the second of April, 1795, Mrs. Cushing,\* wife of Judge Cushing, of the Supreme Court, writes from Philadelphia: "We dined to-day with the President and Mrs. Washington, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, the Chevalier and Madame Frere, (who is truly an elegant woman,) Don Philip Jaudennes and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Van Breckel, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Pinckney, and Mr. and Mrs. Cox. Madame Frere and Madame Jaudennes were brilliant with diamonds." The Chevalier Frere was the Portuguese minister, and his wife became very intimate with Mrs. Washington and Miss Custis. Jaudennes was minister from Spain.

In June, 1796, Don Carlos Martinez, Marquis d'Yrujo, succeeded Jaudennes as Spanish minister. On his arrival in this country, the President was at Mount Vernon, and there the Mar-

\* I am indebted to the venerable and excellent Madame Hammett, of Bangor, in Maine—a niece of Mrs. Cushing—for the interesting M<sup>s</sup>. diary of that distinguished lady, and her correspondence with many of her dignified contemporaries. Mrs. Cushing always travelled with her husband, on his official circuits, to take care of him. Mrs. Pinckney writes to her from Charleston, under date of July 5, 1795: "Mr. Izard contrived to overset his chair and himself, on his journey home, and dislocated his arm. He says the accident would not have happened if he had had Mrs. Izard with him, and that it was in consequence of his thinking of politics instead of the road. As you see, my dear madam, in what a variety of ways your travelling with Mr. Cushing is beneficial to him."



quis paid him a visit. On the fourth of July, Washington writes to Pickering, "M. d'Yrujo spent two days with me, and has just gone. I caused it to be intimated to him that, as I should be absent from the seat of government until the middle or latter end of August, I was ready to receive his letter of credentials at this place. He answered, as I understood it, that his credentials were with his baggage, on its passage to Philadelphia, and that his reception at that place, at the time mentioned, would be perfectly agreeable to himself. He is a young man, very free and easy in his manners, professes to be well disposed toward the United States, and, as far as a judgment can be formed on so slight an acquaintance, appears to be well informed." He married Sally McKean, a daughter of the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. She was considered a great beauty. D'Yrujo was afterward conspicuous in Spanish affairs, and his son, the Duke of Sotomayer, born in Philadelphia, became Prime Minister. Philadelphia furnished wives for the envoys of France, England and Spain, during Washington's administration, and a large number of foreign ministers have since been married to American women.

Volney, the infidel traveller and essayist, with the littleness, malice, and insolence which have almost invariably marked the class of thinkers to which he belonged, inflated by what he calls the "splendid success" of his book on the East, and continually piqued at the flattering accounts of the rising glory of America by other writers, determined to apply his sagacity to their delusions, and "reduce their exaggerated and glowing descriptions to the standard of common sense." While he was in Philadelphia, Stuart painted his portrait. He had a peculiarly French physiognomy, with high forehead, blue eyes, small mouth, invariably a querulous and sneering expression, and was tall, straight, and well formed. He asked Washington (of whose abilities he says, "they would not have raised him above the rank of colonel in the French service,") to give him letters of introduction, to be used on his excursions through the states, and the Chief wrote, "C. Volney needs no recommendation from George Washington."

Of Erick Bollman, John Adams wrote to his daughter, in 1796, "Dr. Bollman has called on me, and, with an extravagant character for knowledge and capacity, he appears to be an adventurer, with little judgment or solidity." Hamilton says of him, in a letter to Washington, after alluding to his attempt to liberate Lafayette, "He appears to have been induced to think that he attempted a service which would strongly recommend him to the favor of this

country, and as a consequence of it he hopes for some civil employment under our government. He seems to be a man of education, speaks several languages, converses sensibly, is of polite manners, and I dare say has the materials of future advancement."

Kosciusko, and his young friend and countryman, the poet Niemcewicz, came to this country about the period of the end of Washington's administration. The Duke de Liancourt saw them at the house of General Gates. "Simple and modest," says the duke, "Kosciusko even shed tears of gratitude, and seems astonished at the homage he receives. He sees a brother in every man who is the friend of liberty. Elevation of sentiment, grandeur, sweetness, force, goodness, all that commands respect and honor, appear to me to be concentrated in this celebrated and interesting victim of misfortune and despotism. And Niemcewicz is, from his noble sentiments, the agreeableness of his manners, and the extent of his knowledge, a person peculiarly interesting."

## A LYRIC OF LOVE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

The Lark that nestles nearest earth,  
To Heaven's gate highest sings;  
And loving thee, my lowly life  
Doth mount on Lark-like wings!  
Thine eyes are starry promises:  
And affluent above  
All measure in its blessing, is  
The largess of thy love.

Merry as laughter 'mong the hills,  
Spring dances at my heart!  
And at my wooing Nature's soul  
Into her face will start!  
The Queen-moon, in her starry bower,  
Looks happier for our love;  
A dewier splendor fills the flower,  
And mellow coos the Dove.

My heart may sometimes blind mine eyes  
With utterance of tears,  
But feels no pang for thee, Beloved!  
But all the more endears:  
And if life comes with cross and care  
Unknown in years of yore,  
I know thou'lt half the burden bear,  
And I am strong once more.

Ah! now I see my life was shorn,  
That, like the forest-brook  
When leaves are shed, my darling soul  
Up in heaven's face might look!  
And blessings on the storm that gave  
Me haven on thy breast,  
Where life hath climaxed like a wave  
That breaks in perfect rest.

## ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MISCELLANY.

## THE VISION OF THE "LITTLE MOUNTAIN."

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

Where the clouds are gray and lead, rises the Little Mountain, with an ermined cap upon her head, and her arms, all brown and bare, wrapped in a mantle of red and orange mosses. Do you see nothing but the waving pines, standing like stalwart soldiers on duty? or the "bitter-sweet" vines, like doomed lovers clinging closer to its base? Or yon white cloud, like a plume shadowing her dusky shoulders, leaving half in gloom and half in light the chestnut grove upon its left?

Seen in this pale, trembling light, where the night and morning meet, you cannot see the vision of the mother and son, the pride and delight of this child mountain.

A whisper, like a jewel, has been handed down to modern days, and set with wondrous pearls, as all old, ancient stories are.

The boy lived with kind friends, and when he asked where his mother had gone, they pointed upward, and his childish gaze could reach no higher than the cap of Little Mount.

He used to say, "When I am grown a man I will follow her." He fancied her deep hidden in the dark recesses of pines, and thought that he had heard her soft voice singing when the wind rode over the forest. He was a strange child, who spoke but little, but was busy with tongues of thought.

One day he gathered all his little toys, a favorite book and pet bird. With these, his earthly treasures, he commenced his earthly pilgrimage. Who can tell how his little tired limbs climbed up the mountain height, which treasure first he dropped, and which held last, to give that mother joy? Who can follow his burst of grief when first his strength and then his hopes gave way? when down upon the green earth he laid his little head, and cried and listened for his mother's voice to bid him come to her?

How far he went, and if he found her, none can tell. The bird came back at eventide, with tired wing and fluttering heart, but its little master's shadow never again fell in the sunshine. With torch and loud hallo they searched the rocks and caves of Little Mountain day and night, vainly and sad, for the little one never again came to its infant home; yet, 'tis said, he found that mother. For since that day, upon the mountain side is seen the vision of the Mount.

I see it now, as the pale moon comes creeping up the skies; the new moon, resting on the

bosom of the mountain and pointing toward the distant sea coast. I have seen it always, save in the darkness of night. All summer it was lighted by a blazing sun, doubling the shadows and mezzotinting the back-ground. In the dim haze of autumn it loomed dark and ominously from amid the crimson and golden groves. On some days it has been veiled in rain, and to-day it was clothed in the pure white robes of the first snow. Two hemlock trees stand on the hill-side: one represents perfectly the figure of a woman holding out both arms to a boy, who has almost reached her. No seasons change them; they never resemble trees, but, like two statues, stand there in all seasons, a memento of that love which should be the strongest, dearest, most heart-cherished love in life. How true the tradition is I say not; but as I have gazed upon the mother and son during the past years, every day, from my east window, I have become fond of the vision, and with my visionary images have raised them up as my ninth statue.

Stockbridge, Nov. 29.

## STORY OF A COURTSHIP.

"Come—come," said Mrs. Gray, 'you have been moping there long enough, nephew, forgetting matters and everything else. Here are the apples waiting, and no one to hand them around; for when I once got settled in an easy chair,'—here the good woman gave a smiling survey of her ample person, which certainly overflowed the chair at every point, leaving the back and curving arms quite invisible—'it isn't a very easy thing to get up again. Now bustle about, and while we old women rest ourselves, you and Julia, there, can try your luck with the apple seeds.'

"I remember the first time I ever surmised that Mr. Gray had taken a notion to me was once when we were at an apple-cutting, down in Maine. Somehow, Mr. Gray had got into my neighborhood when we ranged round the great basket of apples. I felt my cheeks burn the moment he drew his chair so close to mine; and took out his jack-knife to begin work.—He pared and I quartered. I never looked up but once—then his cheek was redder than mine, and he held the jack-knife terribly unsteady. By and bye, he got a noble great apple, yellow as gold, and smooth as a baby's cheek. I was looking at his hands side-wise from under my eye-lashes, and saw that he was paring it carefully, as if every round of the skin was a strip of gold. At last he cut it off at the seed end, and the soft rings fell down over his wrist, and I took the apple from his fingers.

"Now," said he in a whisper, bending his head a little, and raising the apple-peel carefully with his right hand, 'I'm just as sure that this will be the first letter of the name I love, as I am that we are alive.' He began swiftly whirling the apple-peel round his head; the company were all busy with one another, and I was the only person who saw the yellow links quivering round his head, once, twice, three times. Then he held it still a moment, and looked right into my eyes. I held my breath, and so did he.

"Now," says he, and his breath came out in a quiver, 'what if it should be your name?'

"I did not answer, and we both looked back at the same time. Sure enough, it was the letter S. No pen ever made one more beautiful. 'Just as I expected,' says he, and his eyes grew bright as diamonds, 'just as I expected!' that was all he said.

"And what answer did you make him, aunt?" asked Robert Otis, who had been listening with a flushed face. 'What did you say?'

"I didn't speak a word, but quartered on just as fast as I could. As for Mr. Gray, he kept paring like one possessed. I thought he would never stop paring, or say a word more. By and bye, he stuck the point of his knife into an apple, and unwinding the skin from around it, he handed it to me. It was a red skin, I remember, and cut as smooth as a ribbon.'

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if that dropped into a letter G," says Mr. Gray. 'Suppose you try it.'

"Well, I took the red apple-skin, and whirled it three times round my head, and down it went on the floor, curled up into the nicest capital G that you ever set your eyes on.

"Mr. Gray, he looked at the letter, and then sort of side-wise into my face. 'S.G.," says he, taking up the apple-skin, and eating it, as if it had been the first mouthful of a Thanksgiving dinner. 'How would you like to see them two letters on a new set of silver tea-spoons?'

"I really believe you could have lit a candle in my face, it burned so; but I couldn't speak more than if I'd been tongue-tied.

"But did you never answer about the spoons?" asked Julia.

"Well, yes, I believe I did, the next Sunday night," said the old lady, demurely, smoothing her apron;"—*Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.*

#### ART IN DRESS.

[In a recent number of Blackwood's Magazine, is an article on "Color in Nature and Art," being a review of a curious and interesting book by a Frenchman, M. Chevreul. We make an

extract, which our lady readers cannot fail to peruse with interest. It discusses the subject of color in dress as harmonising with different complexions.]

Color is so intimately associated with beauty that we cannot possibly disregard it in its relations to the fair sex. Moreover, we would willingly, before closing, earn a meed of thanks from the ladies, if such be within the reach of our feeble powers, by a few hints upon the colored aesthetics of female dress. Here, still more emphatically than in the male attire, we cannot enter into the minutiae of costume. It is only in the matter of simple color that we can assume to prescribe. In regard to the general assortment of colors in a dress, we have already indicated the true principles to be followed, in our remarks upon the effects which contiguous colors produce upon one another. What we would more especially look to now, is not the general costume, so much as that portion of it which surrounds or adjoins the star-point of every figure—that noble region where life and heart, and mind, all shine most conspicuously—the face.

Now, there are two types of face, in regard to color or complexion, in this country—namely, the blonde and the dark; the one with fair hair, fair skin, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks—the other with black hair, dark eyes, and brunette complexion. In the fair type, the various hues are all of the same class; and accordingly the harmonies of analogy predominate over the harmonies of contrast. In the dark type, the reverse is the case: in fact the black hair, eyebrows, eyelashes, and eyes, contrast, in point of tone and color, not only with the white of the skin, but also with the complexion, which in this type is redder or less rosy than in the blonde type,—and it must not be forgotten that when a decided red, like that of a brunette's complexion, is associated with black (as in her hair and eyes,) the latter color acquires an excessively deep tone, much darker than it really is. It is owing to the one class being pervaded by the harmony of analogy, and the other by the harmony of contrast, that the faces of blondes are generally characterised by softness and sweetness of expression, while brunettes are distinguished by brilliance and power.

In coming to consider what colors suit best in the head and neck dress of blondes and brunettes respectively, we find that general opinion confirms our fundamental principles, by holding that blue accords well with fair complexions, and yellow (apricot, for instance,) and orange-red with dark ones—these colors being respectively the complementaries or contrasts to the

predominant hue in fair and dark complexions. We may add, that yellow and orange-red, contrasting by color and brilliancy with black—and their complementaries, violet and blue-green, in mixing with the tint of the hair—frequently produce a good effect upon ladies of the dark type. But as an interesting study for ladies, let us give, in an abridged form, M. Chevreul's opinions upon this subject:—

**"Red Drapery:**—Rose-red cannot be put in contact with the rosiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness. Dark-red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose-red, because, being higher than this latter, it tends to impart whiteness to them in consequence of contrast of tone. **Green drapery:**—A delicate green is, on the contrary, favorable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience. But it is not as favorable to complexions that are more red than rosy, nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this tint will be of a brick-red hue. In the latter case a dark green will be less objectionable than a delicate green. **Yellow drapery:**—Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin, and in this view it is less favorable than the delicate green. To those skins that are more yellow than orange, it imparts white; but this combination is very dull and heavy for a fair complexion. When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow, we can make it roseate by neutralising the yellow. It produces this effect upon the black-haired type, and it is thus that it suits brunettes. **Violet draperies:**—Violet, the complementary of yellow, produces contrary effects; thus, it imparts some greenish-yellow to fair complexions. It augments the yellow tints of yellow and orange skins. The little blue there may be in a complexion it makes green. Violet, then, is one of the least favorable colors to the skin, at least when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten it by contrast of tone. **Blue drapery:**—Blue imparts orange, which is susceptible of allying itself favorably to white and the light flesh tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this color. Blue is, then, suitable to most blondes, and in this case justifies its reputation. It will not suit brunettes, since they have already too much of orange. **Orange drapery:**—Orange is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint. **White drapery:**—Drapery of a lustreless white, such as cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh com-

plexion, of which it relieves the rose color; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colors by raising their tone; consequently, it is unsuitable to those skins which, without having this disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it. Very light white draperies, such as muslin, plaited or point lace, have an entirely different aspect—appearing more grey than white, because the threads, which reflect light, and the interstices, which absorb it, produce the effect of a mixture of small white surfaces with small black ones. **Black drapery:**—Black draperies, lowering the tones of the colors with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the vermillion or rosy parts are to a certain point distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to this same drapery, redder than if the contiguity to the black did not exist.

In regard to ladies' bonnets, it is generally supposed that a great deal, if not the main part, of the effect is produced by the color of the bonnet being thrown or reflected upon the face. M. Chevreul, after experimenting, in his usual painstaking way, with various colored bonnets upon white plaster-casts, found that this was a mistake,—that the reflection, even under the most favorable circumstances, is very feeble, except upon the temples,—and moreover, that these reflected hues have always a tendency to produce, as they pass into the ordinary daylight, colors the very opposite of themselves; so that when rose-color is reflected upon the face, a space lightly tinged with green will intervene between it and the parts of the face illuminated directly by the daylight. As for any reflected tints falling upon the face while the present fashion lasts, the thing is impossible; for the bonnets are placed so far off the face—or, rather we should say, off the head—that any reflected tints can fall only on the hair. Here is M. Chevreul's *catalogue raisonne* of head-dresses in relation to fair and dark complexions; and it will be strange indeed, gentlest of readers, if you do not find "a love of a bonnet" that will just suit you in the list here presented.

**"FAIR-HAIRED TYPE.**—A black bonnet with white feathers, with white, rose or red flowers, suits a fair complexion.

"A lustreless white bonnet does not suit well with fair and rosy complexions. It is otherwise with bonnets of gauze, crape, or lace; they are suitable to all complexions. The white bonnet may have flowers, either white, rose, or particularly blue.

"A light-blue bonnet is particularly suitable



to the light-haired type; it may be ornamented with white flowers, and in many cases with yellow and orange flowers, but not with rose or violet flowers.

"A green bonnet is advantageous to fair or rosy complexions. It may be trimmed with white flowers, but preferably with rose.

"A rose-colored bonnet must not be too close to the skin; and if it is found that the hair does not produce sufficient separation, the distance from the rose-color may be increased by means of white, or green, which is preferable. A wreath of white flowers in the midst of their leaves has a good effect.

"I shall not advise the use of a light or deep red bonnet, except when the painter desires to diminish too warm a tint in the complexion.

"Finally, the painter should never prescribe either yellow or orange-colored bonnets, and be very reserved in the use of violet.

"TYPE WITH BLACK HAIR.—A black bonnet does not contrast so well with the *ensemble* of the type with black hair, as with the other type; yet it may produce a good effect, and receive advantageously accessories of white, red, rose, orange and yellow.

"A white bonnet gives rise to the same remarks as those which have been made concerning its use in connexion with the blonde type, except that for brunettes it is better to give the preference to accessories of red, rose, orange, and also yellow, rather than to blue.

"Bonnetts of rose, red, cerise, are suitable for brunettes, when the hair separates as much as possible the bonnet from the complexion. White feathers accord well with red and white flowers, with abundance of leaves, have a good effect with rose.

"A yellow bonnet suits a brunette very well, and receives with advantage violet or blue accessories; the hair must always interpose between the complexion and the head-dress.

"It is the same with bonnetts of an orange color more or less broken, such as chamois. Blue trimmings are eminently suitable with orange and its shades.

"A green bonnet is suitable to fair and light rosy complexions; rose, red, or white flowers, are preferable to all others.

"A blue bonnet is only suitable to a fair or light-red complexion; nor can it be allied to such as have a tint of orange brown. When it suits a brunette, it may take with advantage yellow or orange trimmings.

"A violet bonnet is always unsuitable to every complexion, since there are none which yellow will suit. Yet, if we interpose between the violet and the skin not only the hair, but

also yellow accessories, a bonnet of this color may become favorable."

As an important memorandum, it must be added, that, whenever the color of a bonnet does not realise the intended effect, even when the complexion is separated from the head-dress by masses of hair, it is advantageous to place between the hair and the bonnet certain accessories—such as ribbons, wreaths, or detached flowers—of a color complementary to that of the bonnet, in the way above prescribed for the violet bonnet; and the same color must also be placed on the outside of the bonnet.

#### A NIGHT.—BY MRS. SARAH H. HAYES.

I have imagined, at times, that if the majority of people were to recollect and write out the startling incidents, hair-breadth escapes, and romantic adventures which have occurred to themselves and their friends, unnumbered truths, "stranger than fiction," would be brought to light. While many a man and woman, who have lived and died within sight of the smoke of their own chimney-top, would turn out, in the view of the world, to be possessed of the attributes which constitute heroes and heroines of no ordinary degree—while a romantic interest would be thrown around many a glen and stream, now unknown, almost unnoticed, even in its own immediate vicinity. Not that the little adventures we have to relate belong to this class exactly; but if, in the peaceful and pleasant places allotted to us wherein to tread our daily paths, aught of interest should occur, what might we not expect from a different locality? And here we would observe, that we have quite a number of "incidents" garnered up, which may be relied upon as true, and which it is our desire to sketch for the readers of the "Gazette," as leisure and inclination permit. Without further preface, we will now proceed, of course adopting fictitious names, as it might not be agreeable to every one, even to be "put in a paper."

Some years since, at the time of the prosecution of one of our great State works, a family had taken up their abode in a little log cabin which stood quite alone. It was, perhaps, a mile or more from the place where the public work was going on, and on the opposite side of the river, from a half a dozen straggling houses of the same description, which were, *par courtesy*, *yclept* a village. There was no connexion between the two, however, by a bridge, the only mode of conveyance was the primitive one styled a foot-boat, and our little family which consisted of the wife and mother, (the husband being absent in search of employment in a

neighboring State,) a young sister-in-law of fifteen or sixteen, and three small children, who were oftentimes as much alone for days together as though they had resided in the heart of a great forest. Their story was a common one—the wife, a delicate and refined woman, had married young, and she and her husband being left to their own resources, one misfortune after another had overtaken them, until they had become exceedingly reduced, and during his absence, she was glad to live even in comparative solitude, where a shelter could be obtained for almost nothing, and fuel in abundance for the gathering. And now, while the public work was progressing, as Mrs. Wharton's dwelling chanced to be on the most direct route, and there was no ford within a considerable distance, wisely conforming herself to her circumstances, she endeavored to add to their little store by entertaining travellers. The dimensions of their hovel, which consisted of a small room below, and what was styled a loft above, did not permit her to lodge her guests, but she was enabled to turn many an honest penny by preparing their meals, and what is more, she sometimes, when the necessity for making change occurred, rather imprudently displayed the bag containing the hoard she had accumulated. But notwithstanding the many ill-looking, rough men, and wayfaring Irish she was called upon to entertain, no thought of any one attempting to harm a lone woman and her family ever entered her mind, until one night, when they chanced to be up later than usual, just before retiring to rest, she heard the dog, upon whom she relied greatly as a guard, apparently in trouble on the outside of the house.

"Do, Mary," said she to her young sister-in-law, "Do see whether there is any thing about, or what is the matter with that dog. He has done nothing but yelp for the last half hour."

This command was given carelessly, for a rabbit, or any animal straying from the forest, and taking shelter among the wood in the little shed in front of the house, or any where out of his reach, would keep him in an "uproar," as she expressed it, for hours.

The girl obeyed. She opened the door, and stood on the sill; it was in the fall of the year, and the night was one of those so common at that period; the moon was partially obscured by clouds, but the faint starlight rendered every object perfectly distinct, after being a moment in the open air. She had opened the door very quietly, but the dog ran to her side, fawned upon her for an instant, and then rushed forward to the shed before mentioned, where they were in the habit of storing their wood, to keep

it from exposure to the weather. It was evidently some object *behind* it at which he was barking, and her presence seemed to render him furious; she had never seen him so much excited. He would rush towards her a few steps, then back again, and bark and growl in a perfectly savage manner. This lasted but a few minutes, when, all at once, as he approached a little nearer to the shed than usual, a man advanced one step forward, and with a large, knotty stick, aimed a blow at him, which was so well directed, that it instantly stretched him lifeless at his feet.

"There is a man out there, and he has killed the dog, and we will all be murdered," cried Mary, as she rushed into the house pallid as death, and wringing her hands with terror.

"Where?" cried Mrs. W., instinctively putting up the heavy oaken bar which secured the door.

"Behind the shed; and I saw him kill poor Watch with a stick of wood."

"It was well we brought the axe into the house in the evening," responded Mrs. Wharton, in a calm voice, although her very heart stood still with fear, as the thought of their lonely, unprotected situation came upon her. She was standing by the fire, which had burned low in the open fire-place, and turning suddenly, as she uttered these words, she distinctly saw the face of a man pressed close to the glass, above the narrow muslin curtain which was the only screen to the window. He was looking in upon them, but his head instantly disappeared as she turned.

"Now, Mary," said she, speaking in a low voice, to the girl, who was weeping, and almost beside herself with terror. "Now, Mary, it is evident this man, whoever he is, has come here for no good. He has probably been present when I have been making change, and thinks I have money, and unless you act like a woman, and help me, we may indeed all be murdered; but if you will try to assist me, I am not afraid of him."

"What shall I do? I will try," said the poor girl, stimulated by her sister's words and example. Directions were soon given. The children were rolled in covers, and without waking them from their sound slumbers, were carried into the unfinished room above, the door and window made as secure as possible, and, with rare presence of mind, all the valuables—their spoons and money—hid in the middle of a barrel of flour which stood in one corner of the room; every spark of fire was then carefully watered out, so that the wretch, even if he felt the desire, would be incapable, for lack of

means, of burning them down; and taking the matches and light, they proceeded to the loft, dragging after them a heavy ladder, which, under ordinary circumstances, they could not have moved, thus cutting off the only means of communication, and displaying as great a degree of precaution as the most fertile ingenuity could desire, and which, we venture to say, under the circumstances, has rarely been equalled. In the meantime the ruffian without, who evidently was not aware that he had been discovered, seemed to have been waiting for the extinguishing of the light, for directly afterwards they heard him lift the latch of the door, when Mrs. W— immediately spoke, thinking it best to let him know they were on their guard. She told him they had seen and were prepared for him; that even if he succeeded in getting in below, she had drawn up the ladder and he could not get to them, for she was possessed of a gun, and the moment his head appeared above the opening, she would shoot with as little compunction as though he were a wild animal. This, however, was an idle threat of the brave woman; it is true she had a gun, but, unfortunately, it was not loaded, or we dare say she would not have hesitated to make good her words. Still the threat, and finding he was discovered, aroused the robber in the highest degree. He asserted, with many oaths, that he came to kill them, and to get their money, and he intended to do so—adding, in a sneering tone, as they screamed in terror, “that they might as well save their breath, as it was hardly likely any one would, be stirring at that hour of the night who would come to help them.”

This, alas! was too true. It was past midnight, and their distant neighbors were hard-working people, doubtless long since wrapped in the sound sleep vouchsafed to the laboring poor. Still there was an Eye that never slumbers nor never sleeps, watching over them; and in firm reliance upon His protecting care, Mrs. W—, encouraging her young companion to join her, put their heads through an opening just large enough to admit them, and the thrilling cry of “Mur-der” rang out on the still night air, and was repeated over and over again with all the strength that the immediate fear of a violent death could supply. Fortunately, in one of the houses on the opposite side of the river, a woman had been kept up to an unusual hour, in concluding the preparations for the departure of her son, a young man who was to leave home in the morning. On going out at this particular time for wood to replenish the fire, she was terrified to hear screams, sounding faintly by reason of the distance, but still too

much like the cry of murder, not to curdle the very blood in her veins; and running to the chamber of her son, she awoke him with the news. He sprang up, and hastening to procure a neighbor to accompany him, in a few minutes a boat was on its way across. The sound of the oars as they struck the water—telling them that help was near—you may be sure was a welcome sound to poor Mrs. Wharton and her little ones. The ruffian below, who had been battering at the door with a stick of wood, and had just gained admittance, heard them also; and, after listening a moment, to make sure that assistance was at hand, he uttered a volley of curses, and springing over one of the low fences, ran into the woods beyond. This was the last they ever saw of him, and as the husband fortunately returned the next day, they were not again left without a protector; and the following spring Mr. W— sought a habitation for his family where they would not be exposed to similar dangers.

REAL AGE AND REAL YOUTH.—Lasting honor, permanent eminence, and abiding virtue, have ever been won by those who were never really defeated, because every check they received was turned to account—conveying instruction and fortifying against future error. If men would but remember that their life on earth is but a schooling for eternity—if they would discard that abominable heresy that induces them to reject all fresh instruction that is presented to them, after a certain period of life—if men would only do this, they would be young at death; for they would still be growing in wisdom and grace. But, alas! ere they have mastered the rudiments of *real* knowledge, they form, or attach themselves to, some indigested system of science, politics, or religion, and hug it, fight for it, and die for it. We hear talk of the heroes of a hundred fights, yet he who turns the sword of truth against his own breast, to divide the false from the true, and the good from the evil, is a champion transcendently more glorious than the conqueror of kingdoms. He assumes no glory, no merit, it is true, for he knows it is all of mercy and not of himself. But this very humility elevates his nature into celestial purity and divine association.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon other's evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whose is out of hope to attain another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand, by depressing another's fortune.

## THE INCONVENIENCE OF PRIDE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

There are several objections to one-horse vehicles. With two wheels, they are dangerous; with four, generally cruel inventions, tasking one animal with the labor of two. And, in either case, should your horse think proper to die on the road, you have no survivor to drag your carriage through the rest of the stage; or to be sent off galloping with the coachman on his back for a coadjutor.

That was precisely Miss Norman's dilemma. If a horse could be supposed to harbor so deadly a spite against his proprietor, I should believe that the one in question chose to vent his animosity by breathing his last just at the spot where it would cause most annoyance and inconvenience.

It was just at this moment that I came up with my gig, and knowing something of the lady's character, I halted, in expectation of a scene. Leaving my own bay, I proceeded to assist Humphrey, the coachman, in extricating his horse; but the nag of royal line was stone dead.

"If you please, ma'am, said Humphrey, Planty-ginit be dead." The lady acquiesced with the smallest nod ever made.

"I've took off the collar, and the bit out, and got un out o' harness entirely; but he be as unanimate as his own shoes;" and the informant looked earnestly at the lady to observe the effect of the communication. But she never moved a muscle; and honest Humphrey was just shutting the coach-door, to go and finish the laying out of the corpse, when he was recalled.

"Humphrey!"

"What's your pleasure, ma'am?"

"Remember, another time——"

"Yes, ma'am."

"When a horse of mine is deceased——"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Touch your hat."

The abashed coachman instantly paid up the salute in arrears. Unblest by birthright with self-possession, he had not even the advantage of experience in the first families, where he might have learned a little from good example: he was a raw, uncouth country servant, with the great merit of being cheap, whom Miss Norman had undertaken to educate; but he was still so far from being proficient, that in the importance of announcing the death to his mistress, he had omitted one of those minor tokens of respect which she always rigorously exacted.

It was now my own turn to come forward

and as deferentially as if she had been indeed the last of the Conqueror's Normandy pippins, I tendered a seat in my chaise, which she tacitly declined, with a gracious gesture of head and hand.

"If you please, ma'am," said Humphrey, taking care to touch his hat, and shutting his head into the carriage so that I might not overhear him, "he's a respectable kind of gentleman enough, and connected with some of the first houses."

"The gentleman's name?"

"To be sure, ma'am, the gentleman can't help his name," answered Humphrey, fully aware of the peculiar prejudices of his mistress; "but it be Huggins."

"Shut the door!"

It appeared, on explanation with the coachman, that he had mistaken me for a person in the employ of the opulent firm of Naylor & Co., whose province it was to travel throughout Britain with samples of hardware in the box-seat of his gig. I did not take the trouble to undeceive him.

After a tolerably long pause on all sides, my expectation was excited by the appearance of the W—— coach coming through the Binn Gate, the only public vehicle that used the road. At sight of the dead horse, the driver (the noted Jem Wade) reined up—alighted—and standing at the carriage-door with his hat off, as if he knew his customer, made an offer of his services.

But Miss Norman, more dignified than ever, waved him off with her hand. Jem became more pressing, and the lady more rigid. "She never rode," she condescended to say, "in public vehicles." Jem entreated again; but "she was accustomed to be driven by her own coachman."

It was in vain that in answer he praised the quietness of his team, the safety of his patent boxes, besides promising the utmost steadiness and sobriety on his own part. Miss Norman still looked perseveringly at the back of the coach-box; which, on an unlucky assurance that "he would take as much care of her as of his own mother," she exchanged for a steady gaze at the side window, opposite to the coachman, so long as he remained in the presence.

"By your leave, ma'am," said Humphrey, putting his hand to his hat, and keeping it there, "Mr. Wade be a very civil-spoken careful whip, and his coach loads very respectable society. There's Sir Vincent Ball on the box."

"If Sir Vincent chooses to degrade himself, it is no rule for me," retorted the lady, without raising her head; when, lo! Sir Vincent ap-



peared himself, and politely endeavored to persuade her out of her prejudices. It was useless. Miss Norman's ancestors had one and all expressed a very decided opinion against stage-coaches, by never getting into one; and "she did not feel disposed to disgrace a line longer than common, by riding in any carriage but her own."

Sir Vincent bowed and retreated. So did Jem Wade. The stage rattled away at an indignant gallop. By way of passing the time, I thrice repeated my offers to the obdurate old maiden, and endured as many rebuffs. I was contemplating a fourth trial, when a signal was made from the carriage-window, and Humphrey, hat in hand, opened the door.

"Procure me a post chaise."

"A po-shay!" echoed Humphrey, but, like an Irish echo, with some variation from his original—"Bless ye! ma'am, there beant such a thing to be had ten miles round—no, not for love nor money. Why, bless ye, it be election time, and there beant coach, cart, nor dog-barrow but what be gone to it!"

"No matter," said the mistress, drawing herself up with an air of lofty resignation. "I revoke my order; for it is far, very far, from the kind of riding that I prefer. And Humphrey——"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Another time——"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Remember once for all——"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I do not choose to be *blest*!"

Another pause in our proceeding, during which a company of ragged boys, who had been black-berrying, came up, and planted themselves, with every symptom of vulgar curiosity, around the carriage.

Miss Norman had now no single glass through which she could look without encountering a group of low-life faces staring at her with all their might. Still the pride of the Normans sustained her. She sat more rigidly erect than ever, occasionally favoring the circle with a most awful threatening look, accompanied ever by the same five words:

"I choose to be alone."

It is easy to say choose, but more difficult to have one's choice. The blackberry boys chose to remain. I confess I took pity on the pangs even of unwarrantable pride, and urged my proposal again with some warmth; but it was repelled with absolute scorn.

"Fellow, you are insolent!"

After a tedious interval, in which her mind had doubtless looked abroad as well as inward

fresh tapping at the window, she summoned the obsequious Humphrey to receive orders.

"Present my compliments at the Grove—and the loan of the chariot will be esteemed a favor."

"By your leave ma'am, if I may speak——"

"You may *not*."

Humphrey closed the door, but remained a minute gazing on the panel. If he meditated any expostulation, he gave it up, and proceeded to drive away the boys, one of whom was astride on the dead Plantagenet, a second grinning through his collar, and two more preparing to play at horses with the reins.

Then away Humphrey went, and I found the time grow tedious in his absence. I had almost made up my mind to follow his example, when hope revived at the sound of wheels; and up came a tax-cart, carrying four inside, namely, two well-grown porkers, Master Bardell, the pig butcher, and his foreman, Samuel Slark, or, as he was commonly called, Sam the Sticker. They inquired, and I explained in a few words the lady's dilemma, taking care to forewarn them, by relating the issue of my own attempts in her behalf.

"Mayhap you warn't half purlite enough," observed Sam, with a side wink at his master. "It an't a bit of a scrape, and a civil word, as will get a strange lady up into a strange gemman's gig. It wants a warmth-like, and making on her feel at home. Only let me alone with her, for a persuader, and I'll have her up in our cart—my master's, that is to say—afore you can see whether she has feet or hoofs."

In a moment the speaker was at the carriage-door, smoothing down his sleek forelocks, bowing, and using his utmost eloquence, even to the repeating most of his arguments twice over.

It was quite unnecessary for Miss Norman to say she had never ridden in a cart with two pigs and two butchers; and she did not say it. She merely turned away her head from the man, to be addressed by the master, at the other window, the glass of which she had just let down for a little air. "A taxed cart, madam," he said, "mayn't be exactly the vehicle, accustomed to, and so forth; but thereby, considering respective ranks of lives, why, the more honor done to your humbles, which, as I said afore, will take every care, and observe the respectful; likewise in distancing the two pigs."

The sudden drawing up of the window, so violently as to shiver the glass, showed sufficiently in what light Miss Norman viewed Master Bardell's behavior. It was an unlucky smash, for it afforded what the tradesmen would have called "an advantageous opening" for pouring in a fresh stream of eloquence; and the

Sticker, who shrewdly estimated the convenience of the breach, came round the back of the carriage, and, as junior counsel, "followed on the same side." The lady was invincible.

The blackberry boys had departed, the evening began to close in, and no Humphrey made his appearance. The butcher's horse was on the fret, and his swine grumbled at the delay. The master and man fell into consultation, and favored me afterwards with the result, the Sticker being the orator. "It was man's duty," he said, "to look after women, pretty or ugly, young or old; it was what we all came into the world to do, namely, to make ourselves comfortable and agreeable to the fair sex."

As for himself, "purtecting females was his nature, and he should never be easy agin, if so be he left the lady on the road; and providing a female wouldn't be purtected with her own free will, she ought to be compelled to, like any other live beast unsensible to its own good. Them was his sentiments, and his master followed 'em up."

I attempted to reason with them, but my consent had clearly been only asked as a compliment. The lady herself hastened the catastrophe. Whether she had overheard the debate, or the amount of long pent-up emotion became too overwhelming for its barriers, I know not; but Pride gave way to Nature, and a short hysteric scream proceeded from the carriage. Miss Norman was in fits!

We contrived to get her seated on the step of the vehicle, where the butchers supported her, fanning her with their hats, whilst I ran off to a little pool near at hand for some cold water. It was the errand only of some four or five minutes, but when I returned, the lady, only half conscious, had been caught up, and there she sat, in the car, between the two butchers. They were already on the move.

I jumped into my own gig, and put my horse to his speed; but I had lost my start, and when I came up with them, they were already galloping into W—. Unfortunately, her residence was at the further end of the town, and thither I saw her conveyed, screaming in concert with the two pigs, and answered by the shouts of the whole rabblement of the place, who knew Miss Norman quite as well, by sight, as "her own carriage!"

### AN ADIEU.

An adieu should in utterance die—  
If written, but faintly appear—  
Only heard in the burst of a sigh—  
Only seen in the drop of a tear.

### THE SKY-LARK.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!

Dost thou despise the earth, where cares abound?

Or, while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye

Both with thy nest, upon the dewy ground?

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,

Those quivering wings composed, and music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,

Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain

("Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;

Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege, to sing,

All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale the shady wood;

A privacy of glorious light is thine,

Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood

Of harmony, with rapture more divine:

Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,—

True to the kindred points of heaven and home!

### MAN AND WOMAN.

Man is the rugged lofty pine,

That frowns on many a wave-beat shore;

Woman's the slender, graceful vine,

Whose curling tendrils round it twine,

And deck its rough bark sweetly o'er.

Man is the rock whose tow'ring crest

Nods o'er the mountain's barren side;

Woman the soft and mossy rest,

That loves to clasp its sterile breast

And wreath its brow in verdant pride.

Man is the cloud of coming storm,

Dark as the raven's murky plume,

Save where the sunbeam light and warm,

Of woman's soul and woman's form,

Gleams brightly o'er the gath'ring gloom.

Yes, lovely sex, to you 'tis given

To rule our hearts with angel away,

Blend with each woe a blissful heaven

Change earth into an embryo heaven,

And sweetly smile our cares away.

### MELODIA SINGING.

Melodia! O how soft thy darts,

How tender and how sweet!

Thy song enchained a thousand hearts,

And drew them to thy feet;

And, as thy bright lips sang, they caught

So beautiful a ray,

That, as I gazed, I almost thought

The spirit of thy lay

Had left, while melting on the air,

Its sweet expression painted there.

MRS. WALBY.

## THE DARKENED HEARTH.

BY T. E. ARTHUR.

Escaped from the heat and noise of the city, I went, a few years ago, some fifty miles into the country, to spend a short time with a friend who lived in a pleasant village, the quiet air of which had never been disturbed by rushing steamboat or rumbling car. There was to me a Sabbath stillness about the place that made the brief time I sojourned in Heathdale a period of rest to my spirit.

The scenery around the village was rather picturesque than bold. There were high hills, but no mountains; deep valleys, but no abrupt precipices. Far away along the distant horizon lay heavy blue masses, like clouds, but though their shapes looked fantastic, they never changed."

My friend was a physician, and his practice lay for miles around the village of Heathdale. In order to have the pleasure of his society, as well as to enjoy the beautiful scenery, I usually went with him in all his country visits.

One morning he said to me, "I shall have rather a longer ride than usual to-day; but as it will be through some of the finest scenery we have, you must be my companion.

I did not hesitate. Recreation of mind and body was my object in visiting the country, and in no better way could I find both. So, when the doctor's light carriage drove up, I was ready to step into it.

In talking of the past, the present, and the future, as well as in remarking upon the various objects of interest around us, we spent an hour by which time we were riding along an old, grass-covered road, winding in many a graceful sweep, and lined by tall poplars that had seen their palmiest days.

"Wealth and taste have left their marks here," I said, as a fine old mansion, situated upon a gentle eminence, came in sight.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "both have been here."

"But are hardly present now, I should think."

"No. They disappeared long since. Ten years ago a lovelier spot than this could hardly have been found; nor one in which were happier hearts. But now the hearth is desolate. 'The bright fire quenched and gone.' I never like to come here. Of the many who lived and loved in this sweet spot one only remains, shivering by the darkened fireside."

The doctor appeared to be disturbed. He was silent for some moments, during which time my eyes were marking all that was peculiar about the place. The house that we were ap-

proaching was a large, square-built, two-story edifice, with a portico, and handsome Corinthian columns in front. It stood, as just said, upon an eminence, one slope of which was in a beautiful green lawn, and the others terraced for gardens and shrubbery. Of the gardens, only the plan remained; and rank weeds grew where once had blossomed the sweetest flowers. The untrimmed shrubbery as strongly attested, by its wildness, tangled and irregular growth, the want of care and culture. Everywhere that my eye turned, I could see that the hand of taste had been—but not of late. The summer-house was in ruins; the fish-pond grown over with weeds; the statues that stood here and there, broken.

"To whom did this, or does this place belong?" I asked, rousing by my question the doctor from the musing mood into which he had fallen.

"To an English gentleman of fortune, taste, and intelligence, named Belmont," he replied. "When a young man, he came to the United States for the purpose of seeing the country, with ample means and freedom from business. He lingered wherever he went as long as pleased his fancy. Something drew him to this part of our State, where he spent two or three months. In his rambles about he fell upon this spot which had been cleared by a farmer, whose log cabin stood upon the very site of that fine old mansion. Struck with its natural beauty, Belmont made the man a liberal offer for his farm, which was accepted. A year afterward he returned and commenced and completed as rapidly as possible, all the main improvements you now see. But as we are at the door I must defer this narrative until I have seen my patient."

The doctor then left me in the carriage while he went into the house. He was gone nearly half an hour. When he returned he looked graver than when he went in.

"It always gives me the heart-ache to visit here," he said as we rode away. "My medicine can do no good."

"Your patient has a disease of the mind?"

"Yes, an incurable one," he replied. "Here is a heart-sickness beyond my skill to heal. She needs a spiritual rather than a bodily physician. But to resume where I left off. Mr. Belmont was occupied about two years in building that handsome house, and in improving these grounds. A part of his time was spent in superintending these improvements in person; but the greater portion of it was passed in England. When all was completed, the house was elegantly furnished, and Mr. Bel-

mont, with a lovely bride, retired from the world, to live here in beautiful seclusion. People wondered why a young couple, who had evidently mingled in the gayest circles, and been used to elegant and refined society, should hide themselves, as it were, in the vicinity of a small village of Pennsylvania, thousands of miles away from their old homes and country. For a while there was a great deal of gossip on the subject, and dozens of little stories afloat, as to what this, that, or the other servant at the 'white house' had said about the young wife of Belmont. It was alleged that she was often seen weeping, and that she was not at all happy. This, however, was not generally believed; for Mrs. Belmont was seen every Sabbath at the village church, and looked so cheerful, and leaned so lovingly toward her husband, that all idea of her being unhappy was banished from the mind. Still, people continued to wonder why a young and wealthy Englishman, of noble blood, for aught they knew, should prefer the deep seclusion of an almost forest-life in America. Subsequent events threw light on this subject, and enables me to give you the history of this young couple.

"Belmont belonged to a wealthy English aristocratic family, and was the legal heir, on the death of his father, to a large estate. As is too generally the case where the law of primogeniture exists, Belmont, as the eldest son, was not left to consult his affections in a matter of so much importance as marriage. A bride was chosen for him, long before he was old enough to think of or care for a bride. But when the boy became the man, he felt little inclined to enter into so close a union as that of marriage with one for whom not a single affection stirred.

"Not long after the young man entered society, he met Catherine H—, the only daughter of Lord H—, a lovely young creature, who soon captivated all his feelings. Catherine, it happened, had, like him, been early betrothed by her parents. Her hand was not therefore free. He might admire, but not love her. Unlike Belmont, she was not indifferent toward her betrothed. As they grew up together from childhood, their young affections intertwined, until the friendship of youth became love at mature age.

"A year spent on the Continent, and particularly in the gayest circles of Paris, tended in no wise to elevate the moral sentiments of Belmont; nor did absence from home weaken the attachment he felt for Catherine H—, whose society he sought on his return at every favorable opportunity. Between the ardor of a lover who seeks to win a heart, and the quiet, gentle, un-

obtrusive attentions of one who believes that he has already made a love-conquest, there is and must be a marked difference. This was just the difference between the manner of Belmont and the lover of Catherine. The lady, not indifferent to admiration, found, ere long, the image of the former resting upon her heart, and hiding that of the latter. Belmont was quick to perceive this; but the lover of Catherine, who was not of a jealous temperament, remained altogether unconscious that any change had taken place in the feelings of his bride elect.

"From his false and delusive dream, something, not necessary to mention, awoke Belmont; and in the effort to break through the meshes of love in which he was entangled, he left England, and spent nearly twelve months in the United States. While here, the beautiful site upon which he afterward built himself an elegant residence, struck his fancy, and, in a moment of enthusiastic admiration, and with, perhaps, a half-formed resolution to attempt what was afterward done, he purchased it, and then went back to England. When he again met Catherine H—, he was struck with the change a year had wrought in her appearance; and he was also struck with the marked expression of pleasure with which she received him. The half-quenched fire which he had been endeavoring to extinguish in his bosom, again burst into a flame, and burned more brightly than ever. In a moment of passion, he avowed his love, and the maiden sunk in silent joy upon his bosom.

"Meantime, the betrothed of Belmont, as well as her friends, were fretted and angry with the coldness and indifference which he manifested toward her. A near relative, a young man of a fiery temper, undertook to ask explanations, and considering himself insulted by the answer he obtained, sent Belmont a challenge to fight. This was accepted; and at the hostile meeting which followed, the young man received a severe wound that came near costing him his life. Belmont took advantage of this circumstance to break off all intercourse with the lady, and to arm himself, ready to give any of her friends who chose to espouse her cause, whatever satisfaction they might desire. All this caused a good deal of excitement in the circles immediately affected by it, and a good many threats were made by the lady's friends; but they amounted to nothing.

"Erskine, the lover of Catherine H—, at length saw cause for suspicion that all was not right. He had repeatedly urged her to consent to an early performance of the marriage rite;



but she had as often evaded any direct response to his wishes. At length there was no disguising the fact that she was becoming colder toward him every time they met. He complained of this; but his complaint elicited no warm denial of what he alleged. Erskine, who was deeply attached to the lady, now became alarmed. It was too plain that she had grown indifferent. Why, he was for some time at a loss to understand. But at length his suspicions took the right direction. Just as he was about demanding from Belmont an explanation of his conduct toward Catherine, the father of the latter died; and before he could with any appearance of decency refer to the matter after this afflictive occurrence, Belmont left England, it was said, for America. His errand to this country you know. As soon as he had completed the improvements he had projected, he returned home to consummate the purpose that had been uppermost in his mind for nearly two years. He married Catherine H— secretly, and left for the United States before the fact had become known, bringing with him his lovely and loving young bride.

"I do not wonder that the servants sometimes saw Mrs. Belmont weeping. Smiles could not always rest upon her sweet face. And yet she was happy—that is, happy as she could be under the circumstances, for she loved devotedly her husband, and he in turn almost idolized her.

"Erskine, when the truth became known, was deeply afflicted at the infidelity of his 'be-throthed,' and for a time suffered the severest pangs. The reaction upon this was angry indignation, and a final vow of retribution. The ardent lover was changed to a cruel hater and seeker for revenge.

"I'll bide my time," he said, bitterly. "When they think I have forgotten all, my hand will find them out, and my shadow will fall upon them. When their fire burns brightest, I will extinguish it."

"Year after year he nursed this bitter purpose in his heart. He had found no difficulty in learning where the young bride had retired with her husband, and from thence he managed to obtain frequent intelligence. All that he heard but made the fire of hate burn fiercer in his bosom. Catherine was represented as being happy amid her blooming children; and the lovely spot where she dwelt was described as a little paradise.

"Fifteen years were permitted to go by, and then Erskine sought to effect his fiendish purpose. An instrument by which this was to be done, came into his hands, as he felt most oppor-

tunely, in a young man of fine exterior, elegant manners, intelligence, and varied accomplishments; but without honor or feeling. He was a perfect man of the world, and at heart an unprincipled villain. The name of this person was Edgerton. By loans of money and other favors, Erskine attached this man to him. The tie was, of course, that of self-interest. To him he unfolded what was in his mind. He told him of the wrong he had sustained, and the burning thirst for revenge that ever since had filled his heart. Then he described, in glowing language, the beautiful spot where Catherine dwelt, and the happiness that filled her bosom.

"Will you steal, as did the serpent of old, into this lovely paradise?" he asked. "I have been your friend, but if you will serve me now, you may command me in everything. The wife of Belmont you will find to be a lovely creature; and if you can win her from him, as he won her from me, you will gain possession of a magnificent woman. She is a prize, Edgerton—just the prize for a man like you. Gain it, and I will furnish you with all the means of flight and security."

"An adventure like this just suited the debased, impure, heartless Edgerton; and he entered upon it with an ardor of feeling, and coolness of purpose, that too surely foreshadowed success.

"For sixteen years scarcely a cloud had rested upon the hearts of the happy family of Belmont. He had three daughters, between each of whom there was but a little over a year's difference in age. The oldest was a tall exquisitely beautiful girl of fifteen, and her sisters gave the same promise of opening loveliness. Just at this time, and while Mr. Belmont was in search of a musical instructor for his children, Edgerton managed to fall in his way, and by the most perfect address and assumption of a false exterior, to win his good opinion. He showed credentials of ability from well-known personages in New York and Philadelphia; and also testimonials of character from eminent clergymen, and others. These represented him as highly educated, belonging to a good family, and distinguished for high moral excellence. They were, of course, spurious.

"When Edgerton was introduced to the family of Mr. Belmont, Mrs. Belmont shrunk from him with instinctive aversion. This was her first impression; but it slightly wore off during the interview; and she was rather inclined, after he had gone away, to think that she had permitted herself to feel prejudiced against him without a cause.

"After due deliberation, Edgerton was en-

gaged as instructor of the young ladies in music and the modern languages—in all of which they had made some proficiency; and also to superintend their studies in other branches. To do all this Edgerton was fully qualified. He entered upon his duties with patience and assiduity. In all his intercourse with the family he was modest and unassuming, yet managed in every conversation that passed between himself and either Mr. or Mrs. Belmont, to show that he possessed a discriminating, well-furnished mind. He had traveled throughout Europe and Asia Minor, and been an accurate observer. This made him an interesting and intelligent companion to both Belmont and his wife, who had been over the same ground. In short, Edgerton soon became the highly valued friend of the parents, as well as the instructor of their children.

"For two years Edgerton remained in the family of Mr. Belmont, during which time nothing occurred to awaken a suspicion, or to shake his confidence in the young man. About this time business required him to go to New York. He was absent over two weeks. Separation from his family was painful to him, and therefore he hurried home as quickly as possible. He had never since his marriage, been so long absent from his wife, and he grew impatient to be with her again, and to hear her voice, which, in memory, was sweeter than it had ever seemed. He wrote her, during his absence, many times, each letter warmer in its expressions of tenderness, than the one that preceded it. In the last letter, written three or four days before he reached home, he said,

"I do not think I shall ever venture to go away from home again without taking you with me. The separation has filled my heart with indescribable sadness. I think of you all the while; I see you all the while; there is not a moment that I do not hear the sound of your voice. But I cannot press my lips to yours, glowing with love; I cannot take you in my arms—you are not really present. Dear Catherine! I shall soon be with you. Ah! how the idea will force itself upon me that the day must come when there will be a longer separation than this. But I will drive the cruel thought from my mind."

"As Belmont approached his home, his impatient spirit chafed at what to him seemed the slow pace of the stage-horses, by which he was conveyed the last twenty miles. At last time and distance intervened between him and his earthly paradise no longer. As he sprang from the horse that had borne him with swift feet from the village, he felt a slight chill of dis-

appointment at not seeing his wife at the door, with open arms, to meet him. In the hall he was met by his youngest daughter, in whose face there lighted up a smile; but it was not the free, glad, heart-smile that ought to have been there.

"Where is your mother?" he eagerly asked.

"I do not know. She went away somewhere day before yesterday, before we were up in the morning."

"Who did she go with?"

"I don't know; but Mr. Edgerton went away at the same time. We think she went with him."

"Belmont caught hold of the door, and leaned hard against it.

"Where are your sisters?" he asked.

"Catherine has been sick ever since. I can't tell what is the matter with her; but she cries all the time. Mary is in her room with her."

"Does nobody in the house know where your mother is gone?"

"No, sir. She went away before anybody was up. But there is a letter for you in your room."

"Belmont tried to run up stairs, but his knees trembled so, and were so weak, that it was with difficulty that he could support himself. When he reached his room, he grasped the letter to which his daughter had referred, and sunk into a chair. It was some time before, with his quivering hands, he could break the seal, and then many minutes passed before he could read a line. The blasting contents were as follows:

"MY HUSBAND: How can I break to you the dreadful truth that must be told. Long and devotedly as I have loved you, and still love you, I am impelled to leave you, under the influence of a stronger, more fiery, and intenser passion. I am mad with the bewildering excitement in which I am whirling, as in the charmed circle of a fascinating serpent. I do not love you less, but I love another more. Forgive me, if you can forgive, and in mercy both to you and to your unhappy wife, forget me. You know not how I have been tempted and tried; you know not how, by the most imperceptible approaches, the citadel of my heart has been taken. God forgive him who has wronged you, and her who permitted herself to be made an instrument in that wrong. You will be far happier than she can ever be. As for my child—"

"Here the paper was blotted and soiled, as if by a gush of tears. It contained no word more.

"An hour afterward, when Mary Belmont and her younger sister stole softly into their father's chamber, they found him sitting motionless in a chair, with the letter he had read crumpled

in his hand. His eyes were closed; and he did not open them as they drew near. They spoke to him in timid voices, but he did not look up, nor appear to hear them.

"Father! dear father!" they said, coming up close to his side.

"Slowly he drew an arm around each, and pressed them tightly to his bosom; but he did not utter a word.

"Papa, where has mother gone?" asked Mary, in a quivering voice.

"I do not know," was the low, mournful reply.

"Will she never come back?"

"No—never!"

"The children burst into tears, and wept for a long time bitterly. The agitation of Belmont's mind now became agonizing. It was his first wish to conceal what he felt as much as possible from his children; he therefore asked to be left alone. Mary and her sister retired from the room, but with slow and lingering steps. When left to himself, the father sunk down again, like one paralyzed, not to think, but to feel. An hour afterwards, Ella, his youngest daughter, came quietly in, and said—

"Papa, I wish you would see Catherine. She does nothing but cry all the while."

"Feeling the necessity, at least for his children's sake, of rousing himself under this terrible affliction, for which there was no healing balm, Mr. Belmont arose, and taking the hand of Ella, went with her to the chamber of his eldest child, now a tall, beautiful young girl, in her eighteenth year. Her face was turned toward the door when he entered. At a single glance he saw that it was exceedingly pale, had a strange expression, and was full of anguish. In a moment after it was buried beneath the bed-clothes, while the whole body of Catherine shivered as if in an ague fit. Sobs and deep moans of anguish followed. To all that the father could say, not a word of reply was given. Suddenly there flashed through his mind a dreadful suspicion, that caused him to clasp his forehead tightly with his hands, and stagger a few paces backward. Soon after he left the chamber, and retired to his room to make an effort to think. But it was a vain effort—all the elements of his mind were in wild confusion. At one moment he would start up with a fierce imprecation on his lips, resolved to pursue the fugitives; but before reaching the door of his room, a thought of the utter hopelessness of his condition would cause him to droop, nerveless, into a chair, or sink with a groan upon the bed.

"For nearly the whole of the night that fol-

lowed, Belmont paced, with slow and measured tread, the floor of his chamber. Toward morning his mind became calmer and clearer. He was like a man suddenly pressed to the earth by a burden that seemed impossible to be borne, who had re-collected his strength, and risen with the burden upon his shoulders, feeling that though almost crushing in its weight, he could yet bear up under it. The first clear determination of his mind was to ascertain, if possible, the cause of Catherine's strange distress. He had a heart-sickening dread of something that he dared not even confess to himself. He felt that the specious villain who could draw his wife from virtue, would not be one to hesitate on the question of sacrificing his child, if by any means he could get her into his power.

"Late in the morning he left his bed, and had nearly completed dressing himself, when some one knocked at his door. On opening it, he found Ella, with the tears raining over her cheeks.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, 'come, quick! and see Catherine. I don't know what the matter with her, but she says she is dying.'

"A cold shiver passed through every nerve of the unhappy man. He sprung away at the last word of Ella, and was quickly at the bedside of his daughter. A great change had taken place since he saw her on the day before. Her face, that was pale then, was now of an ashy whiteness, but her eyes and lips had a calm expression.

"Papa," she said, in a voice that thrilled through the heart of the unhappy man, it was so inexpressibly mournful, 'I do not think I can live long. I have a strange feeling here,' and she laid her hand upon her heart. If I have done wrong in any thing; if I have been betrayed into evil, I pray you forgive the innocence that suspected no wrong, and the weakness that could not endure in temptation.'

"Catherine, my dear child! why do you speak thus? What is it that you mean?" asked her father. 'Has that villain dared—'

"Mr. Belmont checked himself, for he saw that his daughter had become greatly disturbed. She raised up partly from her pillow, while a rapid play of the muscles agitated her whole face. Before, however, she was able to articulate a word, she sunk back paler than ever. Two or three deep groans struggled up from her heart, and then all was still—still as death. Mr. Belmont looked for some time at the young, white face of his first-born and dearly beloved child, upon which the great destroyer had so suddenly set his seal, and then, answering groan for groan, turned from the withered blossom

that lay before him, and again sought the silence and solitude of his own room.

"Two months subsequently to this, Erskine received a letter from Edgerton. It was in these words:

"MY DEAR SIR: The work is done—and well done. I have succeeded fully in my plans. Your old flame has been with me in New York for a month. But she takes the matter rather too hard, and weeps eternally. I can't stand this; and if she does not improve very shortly, shall abandon her. If it had not been for my wish to follow your instructions to the letter, I should have taken the eldest daughter instead of the mother, who is much more to my fancy. I have not yet heard anything from Belmont, though I look every day for him to pounce down upon me; but I am not afraid of him. I suppose this affair will drive him half mad, for he was exceedingly fond of his wife. This I mention for your particular gratification. You may expect to see me in England by the next arrival. Whether I shall bring my lady-love along or not, I cannot say. It is, however, doubtful. Addio. EDGERTON."

"The death of his oldest daughter, under circumstances of so much doubt and distress, added to the desertion of a beloved wife, wrought a great and melancholy change in Mr. Belmont. I only saw him a few times afterwards, and then it was at his own house, where I was called to visit as a physician. A few months had made the impression of years. His face was thin, and marked with strong lines; his countenance dull and depressed; his eyes drooping and sad. He moved about slowly, and spoke in a low, quiet, pensive voice.

"One cold night in November, some six or seven months after the afflictive events just described had occurred, Mr. Belmont, after laying awake for hours, trying in vain to sleep, arose from his bed, and going to the window, stood there for some time. The moon was shining brightly through the clear, frosty air, making every object distinctly visible. After standing at the window for some time, Belmont was about turning away, when his eye was arrested by a figure that came slowly along the main avenue through which we drove up to the house a little while ago. Sometimes it would stop for the space of a minute, and then move on again, until at length it stood in the clear moonlight, directly under his window. He then saw that it was a woman. Her head was bowed down at first, but soon she looked up, and the moonlight fell strongly upon her face. Belmont started with a low exclamation, and retreated from the window, and staggering back,

sunk with a groan upon the bed, where he lay for nearly five minutes. He then arose, dressed himself and descended with a deliberate air. On opening the hall-door, he perceived that the woman had sunk down upon the steps. She did not move at his approach.

"'Catherine!' he said, in as firm a voice as he could assume.

"But there was no motion—no reply.

"'Catherine!' But she did not answer.

"Stooping down, he placed his hand upon her, and then she looked up, and the moonbeams fell upon her face. Her lips were thin and tightly compressed; her pale cheeks deeply sunken; her eyes tearless, but, oh! how full of mingled penitence, humility, and hopelessness. She uttered no word, but lay on the cold marble, at the threshold of her husband's mansion, with her eyes fixed upon his face, that, if not stern and angry, betrayed no sign of affection.

"'Catherine,' he said at length, in a cold, steady voice, 'you have returned to the old home that your conduct has made desolate. I do not see that you have been any happier than those you left behind. I forgive you, as I hope God will. I believe you were once worthy of all the love I bore you, and for the sake of what you then were, I will not spurn you back from the threshold you now seek to pass.'

"He then took her arm, and raising her up, conducted her into the house, and up into her old chamber, where every thing remained as she had left it. The thoughts and feelings of other days came rushing upon his heart, but he sternly drove them back. It was too late. They could never again have place in his bosom. What she thought and felt is not known, and can hardly be imagined. In the old chamber Belmont left his fallen wife, with but a single word, and that a caution to remain where she was until he visited her in the morning.

"Belmont did not again retire that night. Until near day he was busily engaged in writing, and in evident preparation for a journey. About 5 o'clock the servants were aroused, and directed to prepare an early breakfast. The coachman was ordered to have the carriage at the door by seven o'clock. Then Ella and Mary were awakened by their father, who desired them to dress immediately, and come to him in the library. When there, he informed them that it had become necessary for him to leave for England immediately, and that he wished them to accompany him. All necessary preparation could be made in New York, where he would remain two or three weeks. The girls were surprised, as may well be supposed, by



this announcement; but their father was too much in earnest to leave them room to ask for a longer time to prepare for the journey than he had given them. Precisely at seven they entered the carriage and drove into Heathdale. On arriving there, Mr. Belmont said that he would have to return, and that while he was gone they must remain at the hotel. Mary wanted to go back with him for something that she had forgotten, but he said that he would rather have her remain where she was, in a tone that prevented her from saying any thing more.

"The object of Mr. Belmont in returning, was to have a parting interview with the mother of his children, for whom he could not but feel the deepest commiseration. But her own hands had placed the burden upon her heart, and it was not in his power to remove it. She had been false to her marriage vows, and false to those who had called her by the tender name of 'mother.' He could not again take her to his bosom, nor again bring her back among her children. He found her a sad wreck, indeed, and could scarcely keep back the tears when he met her again, with the searching light of day making visible all the marks of grief, crime, and suffering.

"'Catherine,' he said in a voice that trembled, in spite of all his efforts to be composed, 'I meet you now for the last time. I shall return to England, never again, I hope, to visit this country. This is your home for life, if you wish to make it so. I have settled upon you an annuity; and these papers, which I leave here upon the table, will give you all necessary information in regard to the manner of drawing it. I will not upbraid you for what you have done, for I do not wish to add a single pang to the thousands you must suffer; I would rather mitigate them.'

"'My children,' she said, in an eager voice, as he paused, 'where are they—am I not to see them?'

"'But two remain,' Belmont replied, 'and you cannot see them. You are dead to your children, and must remain so. Catherine is in heaven. She died, to all appearance, of a broken heart, a few days after you went away.'

"The whole frame of this wretched woman quivered.

"'Dead!' she ejaculated, in a deep, hoarse whisper; and then covering her face, wept for moments violently.

"'But Mary and Ellen,' she at length said, looking up with streaming eyes. 'May I not see them? They are my children, Edward, and, erring and sinful as I have been, I still love them. Do not, then, in mercy, deny me this,

the only boon I will ever ask at your hands. Oh! Edward, let me see my children once before I die.'

"Belmont was deeply moved, but his purpose did not falter.

"'You are dead to them, Catherine,' he replied, with assumed coldness, 'and must remain so.'

"Even on her knees the wretched woman prayed to see her children; but she prayed in vain. Hard as it was for Belmont to resist her agonized entreaties, he remained firm to his well-formed purpose.

"The moment of parting with her, and leaving her in loneliness and misery on the very spot where she had once been so happy, and with a thousand things around her to remind her of that happiness, was a most painful one. It was with difficulty that Belmont could restrain the desire he felt to take her in his arms, press her to his bosom, and forgive and forget all. But her sin had been too deep—she had fallen too low. He could not throw over the past the blessed mantle of forgiveness; and so he left her alone, to shiver by the cold ashes of a darkened hearth."

"Has her husband never returned?" I asked.

"Never! Five years have passed since he left, but no one has seen him in this region. There came a rumor a few years ago, that he had met Edgerton, and made him account with his life for his crime. But I know not whether this be so."

A year afterward I received a letter from my excellent friend, the doctor, in which he mentioned that death had given the unhappy Mrs. Belmont a kind release; "and, we may hope," he remarked, "that through much suffering she was purified and forgiven."

### WORTH REMEMBERING.

Rise from table with an appetite, and you will not be in danger of sitting down without one.

Anger may continue with you for an hour, but it ought not to repose with you for a night.

A good office done harshly is a stony piece of bread.

He who gets a good husband for his daughter, gains a son; and he who gets a bad one, loses a daughter.

He who would have his business well done, must either do it himself, or see it done.

Those who put off repentance till another day, have a day more to repent of, and a day less to repent in.



### THE VICTORIA REGIA.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

This splendid plant is a native of the tropical parts of South America. On account of its beauty, magnitude and rarity, it has been styled the "Queen of Flowers." It is found floating on the broad waters of the river Amazon and its tributary streams. It also grows in Bolivia and British Guiana and is consequently widely distributed over the interior of South America.

Henke, a German naturalist, in 1821; but, although he collected specimens and described the plant, it remained unknown to European naturalists, because Henke never lived to return to his native country, but unfortunately for the cause of botanical science, died at the Philippine Islands.

In 1828, D'Orbigny, a distinguished French naturalist, came across the Victoria Regia whilst

descending the river Parana, in South America. He immediately sent specimens to the Museum of Natural History in Paris. In his published work, entitled "Travels in Tropical America," D'Orbigny describes the *Victoria Regia* as covering the surface of the Parana, with its large round floating leaves, for more than a mile, its white and rose-colored flowers, upwards of a foot in breadth, reposing on the water amidst this expanse of foliage, and diffusing a delightful fragrance all around. The fruit which succeeds these flowers consists of a number of roundish farinaceous seeds, embedded in the cavities of an enlarged top-shaped receptacle. These seeds are collected by the natives, who roast and eat them. On this account it has received the Spanish name of *Mais del Agua*, or Water Maize. "I was never weary," says D'Orbigny, "of admiring this colossus of the vegetable kingdom, and reluctantly pursued my way to Corrientes, after collecting specimens of the flowers, fruits and seeds."

In 1837, Sir Robert Schomburgk, found the *Victoria Regia* in British Guiana, whilst exploring that country, for the Royal Geographical Society of London. He immediately transmitted specimens and drawings of the plant to the Botanical Society in that city, and having received the royal permission, named it *Victoria Regia*, in honor of the English Queen. His letter, which was read at a meeting of the London Botanical Society, held September 7th, 1837, is dated "New Amsterdam, Berbice, May 11th, 1837." New Amsterdam is situated on the east bank of the river Berbice.

Mr. Schomburgk says "it was on the first of January, this year, while contending with the difficulties opposed by nature to our progress up the river Berbice, in British Guiana, that we arrived at a point where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin; some object on the southern extremity of the basin attracted my attention. It was impossible to form any idea what it could be, and animating the crew to increase the rate of paddling, we were soon opposite the object which had excited my curiosity: a *vegetable wonder*! All calamities were forgotten. I felt as a botanist, and felt myself rewarded. A gigantic leaf from five to six feet in diameter, of a light green above and a vivid crimson below, resting upon the water; a flower consisting of many hundred petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose-pink. The smooth water was covered with them. I rowed from one to another, and observed always something new to admire."

The *Victoria Regia* grows in water, from four to six feet in depth, producing flowers which ra-

pidly decay and give place to others. The leaves are circular, from five to six feet in diameter, their margin being elevated into a rim from three to five inches in height. The upper surface of the leaves is smooth; their under surface, as well as the coverings of their long stalks which anchor them in the water, is thickly covered with thorns about three-quarters of an inch long. The stalk is attached to the centre of the leaf. The flower stalk is about an inch in thickness. The leaves of the calyx are four in number, about seven inches in length, white inside, and reddish brown and prickly on the outside. The diameter of the calyx, when fully expanded, is from twelve to thirteen inches; on it rests the magnificent flower which, when it opens, completely covers the calyx with its hundred petals. At first the petals are decked in virgin white, changing gradually as they advance in age to the beautiful color of the rose. Hence flowers may be observed at the same time in different stages of transition between the two colors. The flower generally lasts for three days. When these plants are numerous, their immense circular leaves almost cover the surface of the water, one leaf touching another. Beautiful aquatic birds are described by travellers as frequenting the plant and walking with ease on the surface of its leaves, supported by their buoyancy.

The first attempt to cultivate the *Victoria Regia* in England did not succeed. The seeds germinated and the leaves expanded, but the flowers did not make their appearance. This led to a more careful study of the conditions under which the plant was developed in its native country. An artificial pool or aquarium was provided, of the proper depth, the oozy soil was prepared, and the whole was enclosed under glass, and the atmosphere within the conservatory was kept at a tropical temperature. These additional efforts again resulted in failure and disappointment. It was now suggested that the water required to be kept continually flowing like that of the rivers of its native clime. Again the aid of art was invoked, and the necessary motion was given to the surface water, by means of a small water-wheel, turned by the stream supplying the aquarium, which was now kept constantly overflowing. This time the experiment succeeded, and this magnificent flower which, for countless ages, had bloomed in the forest wilderness of South America, opened in all its glorious beauty for the first time in a foreign land.

The seeds which developed the flowers were sent from South America to the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, in the neighborhood of London.

They were put up in vials filled with pure water, and thus they reached their final destination in a state of complete preservation. It was under the auspices of the Duke of Devonshire that the Victoria Regia was first brought to its complete development in Europe. This interesting event, which may be truly regarded as one of the most splendid achievements of modern horticulture, created a great sensation in England. The "Queen of Flowers" would only show herself after every attention had been paid to her accommodation. At Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, science, aided by princely magnificence, had to construct her palace, and prepare her watery bed; and there, for the first time, she floated with her lovely flowers as in her native wilds.

Mr. Caleb Cope, of the city of Philadelphia, was the first American gentleman who was successful in the cultivation of the Victoria Regia, in this country. He has displayed great kindness in admitting not only his personal friends, but the public to his splendid conservatory. He is one of our wealthiest merchants, and we take much pleasure in saying that his name will go down to posterity as a liberal noble-minded citizen and a friend of science.

One more remark, gentle reader, and we have done. The beautiful "lily house" constructed for the reception of the Victoria, by Mr. Paxton, gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, suggested to him the plan of the crystal palace, of which he was the architect.

## BARRY, THE PAINTER.

[SEE ENGRAVING—"THE VICTORS AT OLYMPIA."]

This celebrated artist was born at Cork, in the province of Munster, Ireland, October 11, 1741. His parents were neither of them remarkable either for talent or social position. His father was a coasting trader, who did not possess a particle of his son's taste for painting and the fine arts. As soon, therefore, as the talents of Barry began to appear, his pursuits were regarded with the utmost aversion, and the attempt was made, but in vain, to give the thoughts of the young artist another direction. Circumstances, however unfavorable, seldom prevent the development of great natural abilities. In the early morning of life, the sun of genius may be for a while obscured by adverse fogs and clouds, but sooner or later its splendor bursts forth on the world; the light subdues the darkness. We have an admirable illustration of this fact in James Barry. The very unfavorable conditions under which the artist was

born did not prevent the development of those glorious energies which he afterwards manifested; the discipline through which he passed rather served to invigorate those powers with which Providence, for wise purposes, had endowed him.

But although Barry possessed genius, he would not have distinguished himself, if he had neglected self-culture. It is an old saying, and a true one, "there is no royal road to learning." Genius is of little avail without mental effort. Pre-eminence is not to be acquired in a day; it is the result of natural ability, much study, and industry. The early life of Barry was spent in the most intense application. He was accustomed to sit up all night in his studio, drawing and transcribing from books. His religious predilections strengthened his power of endurance. His mother was a Catholic, and he adhered to her religion in preference to the Protestantism of his father. He was repeatedly heard to speak with enthusiasm of the moral courage which enabled the martyrs faithfully to endure so much physical suffering for conscience sake. No cross no crown, was a favorite expression with him.

In the year 1762, a painting exhibited by Barry in the rooms belonging to the Society of Arts, in Dublin, attracted the notice of the celebrated statesman, Edmund Burke. The talents of Burke were of the highest order, his genius profound and philosophical—in a word, he was one of the most eloquent writers and speakers that England ever produced. There is nothing remarkable in his appreciation of the painting of Barry. Genius can always detect the same endowment in others. Burke immediately became interested in the development of that remarkable talent which he was convinced Barry possessed. The wealthy, far-famed, and powerful statesman became the friend of the poor, unnoticed, and friendless painter, and sent him to Rome to be educated at his own expense. This noble conduct met with its own reward, for the imperishable renown of Barry is forever

In 1770 Barry returned to England, destitute of everything but a knowledge of his art, but confident in his acquisitions, and anxious to distinguish himself. Shortly after his return he proposed to the "Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce," to paint a series of pictures illustrative of the progress of man in civilization. His offer was accepted; and as he proffered his services gratuitously, he was permitted to toil for seven years amidst all the hardships of poverty and privation. The series, when complete, consisted of six paintings, viz: Orpheus Reciting his Verses



to the Wild Inhabitants of Thrace; A Grecian Harvest Home; The Victors of Olympia; The Triumph of the Thames; The Society Distributing their Prizes; and the Final Retribution. When these several works were each finished, he was permitted to exhibit the series in the rooms belonging to the Society, and the proceeds of the exhibition, amounting to £500, or about \$2,500, were handed over to him, accompanied by a gratuity of £200, or \$1,000, from the society. This was all that Barry ever received for the labors of seven years—for six pictures, pronounced by competent judges as ranking amongst the finest productions of art.

In 1782, he was elected Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy. Here his enemies created against him a factious opposition, and embittered all his enjoyments of the honors which the Academy had conferred. Barry's temper was unfortunately very irritable, and he soon became involved in disputes with the various members. On one occasion he reiterated a charge which had been made against them by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that in "every measure prepared by him for the general advancement of the art, he was opposed and outvoted by the machinations of a mercenary cabal." This was a home thrust. The accusation of Sir Joshua had not been forgotten, and its repetition by Barry so deeply offended them, that a body of charges was soon after formally preferred against him, and, at a general meeting of the members, he was expelled from the Academy.

After this event, the Earl of Buchan, believing him to have been unjustly used, and admiring his talents, set on foot a subscription in his favor, which amounted to about £1,000 or £5,000. With this sum it was intended to purchase him an annuity. But the kind intentions of his friends were frustrated by his death, which took place on the 22d of February, 1806. His remains, after lying in state in the great room of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, were interred in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The group of figures, on one of the opening pages of this number, is taken from Barry's noblest and best production, entitled "The Victors at Olympia." This picture shadows forth a state of society which has passed forever away.

This famous picture, which contains several other groups of figures, besides the one which we have selected, is forty-two feet in length. It represents the age of Pericles—the most brilliant era of the history of ancient Greece.

The Olympic games, originating in the religious superstition of the Greeks, were encouraged by the policy of the government, until, at length, their celebration drew together vast

bodies of the people from all parts of the country. They were celebrated ostensibly in honor of Jupiter, and lasted five days. The first day was employed in sacrifice, and the other four were devoted to athletic exercises, such as boxing, wrestling, and racings. The artist has chosen that point of time when the victors in these several games are passing in procession before the Hellandics, or Judges, where they received the reward of their skill and courage, which consisted of nothing but a crown of laurel leaves, and the approbation of their countrymen. It was impossible, therefore, to attribute to those who sought to distinguish themselves in the lists anything but the most honorable motives.

Barry has identified himself with this picture, by painting himself in this group, in the character of the famous Grecian painter, Timanthes. The figure on the left is Barry, sitting on the ground as Timanthes, "holding in his hand a picture of the Cyclops and Satyrs, as related by ancient writers." Pindar, the prince of lyric poets, is another conspicuous figure in this group. He is represented, in this procession of heroes, as singing one of his odes in honor of their achievements. Pindar is surrounded by a number of youths who form a chorus which the poet directs with his voice, and the music of his lyre. The figure on horseback is one of the victors in the chariot races.

This picture proves undeniably that Barry possessed a thorough knowledge of the human form. There are upwards of fifty figures in the entire painting, depicted in various attitudes, and subjected to a variety of different emotions, all of which have been sketched with the most wonderful fidelity to nature. This picture also astonishes the critic by its completeness. It embraces whatever impressions history or poetry have transmitted to us of these celebrations. When Canova, the famous Italian sculptor, was in England, he declared that had he known of the existence of such a work, he would, without any other motive, have visited the country for the express purpose of seeing it. It is, undoubtedly, Barry's greatest effort, and has rendered his name imperishable. H. C.

### GOOD ADVICE.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,

Don't be haughty and put on airs,

With insolent pride of station!

Don't be proud, and turn up your nose

At poorer people, in plainer clothes,

But learn for the sake of mind's repose,

That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes!

And that all Proud Flesh, wherever it grows,

Is subject to irritation.

# COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

BY T. WADSKIER.



A VILLA IN THE ITALIAN STYLE.

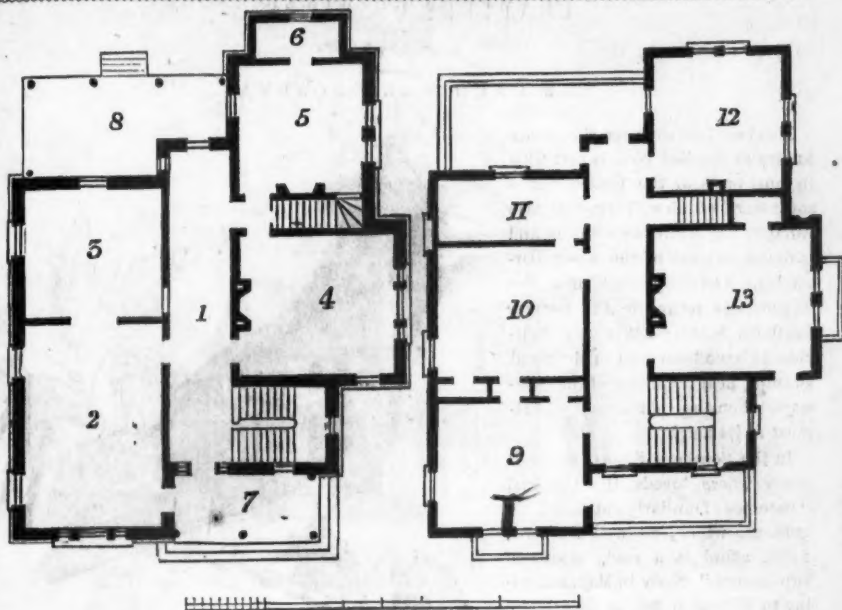
The Italian style, as a rural style, indicative of country life, is not so thoroughly country-like in character as the pointed, or Gothic, with its high roofs and steep gables; still there is a strong and growing partiality among us for it. We think it more suited to symbolize the variety of refined taste and accomplishment which belongs to modern civilization, than any other style, and its irregular outlines and bold projections address themselves more to the feelings and senses, and are better suited to, and more significant of our domestic wants, tastes, and habits, than the architecture of the five orders. Its broad roofs, ample verandas, and arcades, are especially agreeable in our summers of bright sunshine, and though not so northern as other styles that permit a high roof, and not harmonizing so well with our northern climate, still its picturesqueness and powerful expression have much to render it a favorite of our Union.

The leading features of this style are familiar to most of our readers; and its flat roofs, projecting upon brackets or cantalivers, its arched windows, frequently with massive dressings, its arcades or verandas, supported on columns or piers, and chimney-tops of tasteful and fantastic forms, are predominant features characteristic in distinguishing it from any other style, particularly the campanile or Italian tower, with its bold projecting cornice and balconies, which

bring the broken outline of the building into unity, and give an expression of power and picturesqueness to the whole composition.

Our object in designing this villa was to show, within a moderate space, as much of the force, spirit, and boldness of the Italian style as was possible, paying strict attention to economy in its construction, and designing it to be a comfortable residence for a family of moderate means and size. The interior arrangement is shown by the ground plans, with the names and sizes of the different apartments marked; but still, some explanation may be acceptable to those of our readers who are not accustomed to the geometrical representation of a ground floor; and if they will follow the designer, he will act as guide through the labyrinth, giving, at the same time, such hints as may be useful to them in the better understanding of his design.

Ascending three risers, we find ourselves under the veranda in front, supported by columns, and, by crossing its width of eight feet towards the entrance door, and ascending one riser, we are in the hall. The stairs on the right side are the principal stairs leading to the chamber floor, and thence continued to the upper floor in the campanile, wherefrom we may imagine to have a beautiful view of a mellow American landscape. On the left side of the hall is a handsome drawing-room, with an adjoining library, connected, either with sliding doors, or a five



GROUND PLAN.

PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

feet broad door; from the library is a door communicating with the hall, and, if desired, a door to the back veranda instead of the window. From the drawing-room is a door to the front veranda; and, if a handsome view from the drawing-room should render a bay window desirable, it can be attached for a moderate cost, and, at the same time, forming a handsome feature on the side elevation. Opposite the drawing-room, on the other side of the hall, we enter the dining-room connected with the kitchen, but the direct communication is cut off, in order to get a private stair to the chamber floor, and stairs to the cellar, and to stop all smells and sounds from the kitchen. To the kitchen is connected a pantry, large enough to be divided, and a door to the veranda, with steps descending to the yard. The second floor is divided into five comfortable chambers, the hall running through, and giving an excellent communication to all the chambers: a door might lead out on the back veranda, ornamented with stained glass. There would be a cellar constructed under the whole or part of the building, divided into the necessary and desired compartments, including a furnace, with the requisite pipes and flues for heating the whole building.

We have designed this villa for brick, either roughcast or masticated, and painted of a light freestone color. The window-sills and brackets

under balconies to be freestone, the balconies, veranda, and cornice for tower to be wood, colored to harmonize with the walls. All the window-sashes, &c., and inside woodwork, except floor, to be of a dark color, grained to represent oak or walnut. The first story to be twelve feet in the clear, and the next story eleven feet. Inside shutters to all the windows, made either to slide into the wall, or to fold. The walls to be papered, and the paper of a pattern corresponding with the style of the building; and, if the ceilings of the drawing-room and library were decorated, it would decidedly add to their beauty, and increase the harmony of the interior with the exterior.

## MEASUREMENTS.

1. Hall, 8 by 38.
2. Drawing-room, 18 by 25.
3. Library, 16 by 18.
4. Dining-room, 17 by 20.
5. Kitchen, 16 by 16.
6. Pantry, 5 by 11.
7. Porch, 9 by 19.
8. Veranda, 12 by 26.
9. 16 by 19,
10. 16 by 19,
11. 8 by 19,
12. 17 by 17,
13. 18 by 21,

Bed-rooms.

## CHAPTERS ON BIRDS.

NUMBER FOUR.

### THE CARDINAL GROSBEEK.

This beautiful songster, commonly known as the Red Bird, is met with in most parts of the United States southward of New York. It also inhabits the Mexican provinces, and is found on some of the lesser Bermudas. At the approach of winter it generally retires to the warmer Southern States; but a few individuals have been seen in sheltered swamps, near the shores of the Delaware, when the cold season was almost at its height.

In the Southern States, where it every where breeds, the Cardinal 'becomes familiarly attached to gardens, which, as well as corn-fields, afford it a ready means of subsistence.' Early in May, according to Wilson, it begins to prepare its nest, which is often placed in an evergreen bush, cedar, laurel or holly. The eggs, four, and sometimes five, in number, are of a dull white, thickly spotted with brownish olive.

The song of the Cardinal, says Nuttall, is a loud, mellow, and pleasingly-varied whistle, delivered with ease and energy for a considerable time together. To give it full effect, he chooses the summit of some lofty branch, and, elevating his melodious voice, in powerful as well as soothing tones, he listens, delighted, as it were, with the melody of his own song, at intervals answered and encouraged by the tender responses of his mate. So sweet are his notes, that European naturalists have not hesitated to almost equal them to those of the Nightingale, the most delightful singer of the old world.

The Cardinal is easily domesticated. Its sprightly figure and brilliant plumage, its vivacity, strength, and sweetness of voice, and the little expense with which it is kept, will always render it a favorite. In confinement the bright vermillion hue of the male is occasionally found to fade until it becomes of a pale whitish red. It lives long, however, and an instance is known of one which survived



CARDINAL GROSBEEK.

for one and seventy years. In the cage, its song, though powerful, has not the rich variety of notes which are heard in the lay of the wild bird. It may be fed upon millet, Canary seed, rape, and hemp.

The beak of the Cardinal is almost coral red. The legs and feet are pale flesh color. Its head is ornamented with a high, pointed crest, which it can erect and flatten at pleasure. Around the beak and on the throat it is black. Nearly all the rest of the plumage is of a brilliant vermillion.

#### THE BOHEMIAN WAX-WING.

The geographical range of this elegant species is extensive, comprehending a great portion of the Arctic world. It appears generally in flocks,



and a fatality was, at one time, believed to accompany their movements. Thus Aldrovandus observes that large flights of them appeared in February, 1530, when Charles V was crowned at Bologna. In 1571, writes the same superstitious observer, troops of them were seen flying about the north of Italy, in the month of December, when the Ferrarese earthquake took place, and the rivers overflowed their banks.



THE BOHEMIAN WAX-WING.

## THE HOOPOE.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

This handsome family of insectivorous birds, is widely spread over the south of Europe in the summer months. The Hoopoe is found in Germany, France, Spain, Holland and Italy. In the autumnal months, it is sometimes seen in England. Africa and Asia appear to be its winter quarters.

The chosen haunts of the Hoopoe are moist, swampy localities. Here it may be seen, either on the ground, searching for beetles, and other favorite insects, amongst animal refuse, or busily engaged on the branches of trees, in carefully looking for such as lie hid on the under surface of their leaves, or else ferreting out their larvae from the holes and crevices in the bark, where they live and undergo their transformations. For this last employment, its long and slender beak is well adapted.

The hole of a decayed tree is generally the locality preferred by the Hoopoe in which to build its nest. If it be too small, the birds en-

large it with their bills, so as to render it more comfortable and roomy. The nest is made of dried grass, lined with feathers and wool, and is usually very fetid from the remains of the insects with which the parent birds supply their young. The offensive odor of the nest, arising from this source, originated the erroneous opinion entertained by the ancients, who believed that the birds designedly selected the most offensive building material as one means of guarding themselves and their young from the attack of an enemy.

Few birds are more interesting in captivity than the Hoopoe. Its beautiful plumage, droll gesticulations, and familiar habits, soon render it an especial family favorite. The bill is very long, slender, and slightly arched; the head is surmounted by an arched crest of long feathers, of a ruddy-buff color, tipped with black; the breast and neck are of a similar hue; the wings and tail are variegated with white, yellow, and

black bands of feathers. When the bird perceives itself to be observed, it begins to tap with its bill against the ground or the side of its cage, at the same time shaking its wings and elevating its crest. Its note of anger or fear is harsh and grating, something like the noise made by a small saw, or the note of a jay, but not quite so loud. It can give utterance to a softer note of complacency, and is not without other expressive intonations.

The following account of the Hoopoe cannot fail to interest the reader:

"With great care and attention," says a distinguished naturalist of Germany, "I was able last summer to rear two young Hoopoes, taken from a nest which was built at the top of an oak tree. These little birds followed me everywhere, and when they heard me at a distance, showed their joy by a particular chirping, jumped into the air, or as soon as I was seated, climbed on my clothes, particularly when giving them food from a pan of milk, the cream of which they swallowed greedily; they climbed higher and higher, till they at last perched on my shoulders, and sometimes on my head, caressing me very affectionately. Notwithstanding this, I had only to speak a word to rid myself of their company; they would then immediately retire to their cage. Generally, they would observe my eyes, to discover what my temper might be. They would never touch earth-worms, but were very fond of beetles and May-bugs; these they first killed, and then beat them with their beaks into a kind of oblong ball. When this was done, they threw it into the air, that they might catch it and swallow it lengthways. If it fell across the throat, which was sometimes the case, it was thrown up until caught.

"I took them one day into a neighboring field, that they must catch insects for themselves, and had then an opportunity of remarking their innate fear of birds of prey, and their mode of self-protection. If a raven or even a pigeon was seen by them on the wing, in the twinkling of an eye they were on their bellies, with their wings stretched out by the side of their head, so as to touch the crest, their head leaning on their back, and their beak upwards; in this curious posture they might be taken for an old rag. As soon as the birds of which they were afraid had disappeared, they jumped up immediately, uttering cries of joy. They were fond of lying in the sun, repeating, in quivering tones, 'vec, vec, vec,' in proof of their enjoyment. When angry, their notes are harsh, and the male bird, which is known by its redder color, cries 'hoop, hoop.'"

## CHINESE PROVERBS.

If there be no faith in our words, of what use are they?

Honors come by diligence: riches spring from economy.

Time flies like an arrow, days and months like a weaver's shuttle.

He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent many days' sorrow.

Past events are as clear as a mirror; the future as obscure as varnish.

The generations of men follow each other like the waves of a swollen river.

Doubt and distraction are on earth—the brightness of truth in heaven.

To correct an evil which already exists is not so well as to foresee and prevent it.

By a long journey we know a horse's strength, so length of days shows a man's heart.

Do not anxiously expect what is not yet come; do not vainly regret what is already past.

Of all the delicate sensations the mind is capable of, none, perhaps, will surpass that which attends the relief of an avowed enemy.

The spontaneous gifts of Heaven are of high value, but the strength of perseverance gains the prize.

If there be a want of concord among members of the same family, other men will take advantage of it to injure them.

If a man's wishes be few, his health will be flourishing; if he has many anxious thoughts, his constitution will decay.

Do not consider any advice as trivial, and therefore refuse to practise it; do not consider any virtue as unimportant, and therefore neglect it.

In the days of affluence, always think of poverty: do not let want come upon you, and make you remember with regret the time of plenty.

In making a candle, we seek for light; in studying a book, we seek for reason;—light to illuminate a dark chamber, reason to enlighten man's heart.

In a field of melons do not pull up your shoe; under a plum-tree do not adjust your cap (i. e., be very careful of your conduct under circumstances of suspicion.)

By learning, the sons of common people become public ministers; without learning, the sons of public ministers become mingled with the mass of the people.



## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### MAGGIE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Tell her I send it to her, away off here among the hills of California," wrote Uncle John, "and with it I send her a kiss, and a merry Christmas."

Oh! how little Maggie Arnold's bright eyes sparkled, like twin summer stars, as her grandmother read the letter, and dropped the five dollar gold piece into her small, rosy palm.

She was a sweet child, little Maggie Arnold. From out its framework of shining hair looked a face that always set you to dreaming of Raphael's angels. The small, ripe lips; the cheeks, soft and rich as the coloring of the moss rose, and the summer blue eyes, where the light glinted up from her happy little heart, and flashed and dimpled like stray sunbeams; all kept reminding you of something not of this world.

No wonder that fair child's face beamed out sometimes from its memory-case in Uncle John's heart, and no wonder his love flowed out to her in those kindly words and that sparkling Christmas gift.

"And now, darling," said her grandmother, parting away the brown curls that were always dropping over Maggie's sweet face, "Uncle John says you shall choose your own present; to-morrow night will be Christmas Eve, you know. What shall we get for you with the five dollars? Come, pussy, make haste and tell me."

Poor Maggie! it was a puzzling problem for such a little cranium to solve. What visions of birds and baby-houses, of watches and work-boxes, of towers and tea-sets, glided in sparkling phantasmagoria before her, as she stood there braiding the tassel of her apron about her fingers; her little laughing face sobered down into an expression of mingled doubt and deliberation. Suddenly it cleared up.

"Oh! grandma, I have it!" she cried, clapping her hands. "It shall be a doll; a wax doll, with black eyes, and brown curls, and rosy cheeks, with just the sweetest smile in the world about them; and it shall be almost as large as

I am, grandma, and I will play 'little girl' with it. Oh! won't we have glorious times together! I shall be Dolly's mother, you see, and take care of her just as you take care of me."

There came a little shadow over the sunshine of Maggie's face, for her ear caught a faint sigh, and the little girl knew that her grandmother's thoughts had gone out after two graves, that looked like twin-billows with the December snow upon them; for there Maggie's father and mother had long been asleep.

"Yes, darling, you shall have the doll; the largest and prettiest that can be found," said her grandmother, with that kind smile of hers hovering about her sad, patient face. "Now kiss me, and get your satchel, my little girl, for it's time to be going."

"What is it you want, little girl?"

The sun of the short winter day was going down behind the sullen gray clouds, and Maggie was hurrying home from school, when her attention was arrested by the appearance of a little girl, about her own size, standing before a large confectioner's establishment. She was, I said, about Maggie's own age, and this was the sole analogy between them. The little pale, pinched face; the blue, bare arms; the thin, faded dress: what a contrast all these afforded to the other's happy face, and warm, tasteful attire!

The child looked up in a timid, half fearful manner, as Maggie approached her; but the kind, pitying eyes reassured her. She glanced back again to the window, where the gas-light fell in a gold, crimson flood upon the great billows of frosted cake, and rare, holiday confections displayed so temptingly.

"I was not wanting anything for myself," answered the child; "but I was thinking about mamma, and how nice one of those cakes with the two stars on top would taste to her, she is so sick, and we have not had anything to eat to-day."

"Not had anything to eat to-day," said Maggie, her eyes growing moist with tears, "Oh!

how I wish you'd had my dinner. Hasn't your mother got any body to help her?"

"No," said the child mournfully, "it is a year since father died, and we are so poor," and the great sob that had been swelling the child's throat consummated the sentence; another and another followed it—how they shook her slender frame.

"How I wish I had something to give you," whispered Maggie, as tears of genuine sympathy ran over her brown lashes; the next moment her lips trembled, and her whole face grew bright with the glory of a generous thought. "Come with me, come with me," she said, taking both of the little girl's hands, "you shall have the gold piece Uncle John sent to me."

"You will let me give it to her for her sick mother, please grandma, for I do not want the doll now, my old one will do just as well," pleaded little Maggie, as she stood before the old lady, and told with touching pathos the sad story of the little girl at her side.

"Yes, Maggie," answered the old lady, with a tremor in her voice, "You may give it to her. God will restore it to you an hundred fold;" and she drew her grandchild to her heart.

"See, mamma, I have brought you some food, and some medicine, and just look at the money I've got, such a sight of it, and it was given me by the most beautiful little girl, mamma; mamma wake up;" and the little speaker bent down her head nearer to the one which lay on the pallet. A shiver ran through her frame, as the faint light revealed the fixed stony features, and the glare of the glassy eyes. The light went out from the child's face, and her cheeks grew white, as though they were smote with some sudden deadly sickness.

"Speak to me, mamma," she cried, in a voice sharp with terrible agony, "for I am frightened; please say Mary, mamma," and the little hand was laid tenderly upon the woman's forehead.

That touch revealed all. "She is dead," came slowly from the frozen lips of the child. "Mamma! mamma!" and the bare walls of the wretched room echoed that heart-breaking cry. It reached the streets, and smote the ears of the passers by with a nameless, terrible fear. They rushed in, and found the little girl stretched senseless on the bed by her dead mother. Her heart was broken. She lived but a week later. On Christmas eve her mother left her, and on New Year's she went to her.

And on New Year's night, as little Maggie lay sleeping, two angels came to her dreams. White robes rolled, like shining billows, to their feet. Golden crowns, that seemed woven of summer stars, shone on their foreheads. They smiled on her, and their smile was tender as that of a mother, and the younger of the beautiful spirits pointed upwards, and said to her, "There is a book up there, bound with golden clasps, and we have written a story in it, and we have called it 'Maggie's Christmas Gift.' We will show it to you when you come to us," and they were gone.

And Maggie woke up, and the winter stars were looking through the window.

"It was a dream, grandma," said Maggie, as the next morning she related it to the old lady; "but," and she shook her head gravely, "somehow, it didn't seem like one."

New Haven, Conn.

## THE FIRST OFFENCE.

The following narrative was related by one, who, owing to honest industry and great perseverance, has risen to be one of the wealthiest landed proprietors in the flourishing colony of South Australia:—

"When I was a little boy, my father, who was by trade a carpenter, was employed by a gentleman residing about a mile and a-half from our house in fitting up a conservatory. As I was but just recovered from a severe illness, my father thought the fine fresh air might do me good, and therefore requested the gentleman's permission to bring me of a morning with him. One day, as I was loitering in my mother's kitchen, my eye chanced to fall on a large white basin on the dresser. 'What a nice thing,' thought I, 'for gold fish to swim in: I wish I had one of those out of Mr. Westbrook's fountain! I am sure he could spare one, as he has so many. I was quite aware that to possess myself of one without Mr. Westbrook's knowledge, would be a dishonest act; yet I allowed the idea to haunt me for some days. Now my father was one of the most honorable men I have ever met with, and scrupulous to a degree with all his family, as to their principles of truth and honesty; so I had no excuse for letting the temptation get the better of me. I anxiously waited an opportunity of putting my designs into execution, and one soon offered:—my father left me alone at the fountain while he went to receive instructions from Mr. Westbrook, respecting the erection of some platforms in the conservatory. I made several hurried snatches, and at last succeeded in capturing a beautiful little fish. I thought nothing of its struggles, poor little creature; nor of how it panted to free itself from the firm grasp with which I held it!—no feeling at that time possessed my mind but delight and satisfaction at having obtained my desire. I almost imagined I could see it floating about in the white basin at home. Hearing footsteps advancing, I hastily forced my prize into the bottom of my pocket. Mr. Westbrook entered the conservatory with my father, and seeing me intently watching the gold fish as they gambled so merrily in the clear water, patted me kindly on the shoulder, and asked me if I liked the gold fish? I had been pretending great interest in them just then; but the truth was, I merely did so to avoid looking up, as I dreaded lest Mr. Westbrook should discover by my looks that I had been committing a theft! 'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'I like to see them swim about, they seem so playful.' 'Well, my boy,' said he, 'if you have anything to keep them in, you shall have a couple.' I thanked him, but still did not dare to raise my eyes from the fish, for I felt that the danger was not yet passed: my embarrassment was not overlooked



by my father, who was attentively observing me. Mr. Westbrook then described to me the way in which I was to keep the fishes; how I was to give them a plentiful supply of water daily, and a few crumbs of fresh bread, with now and then a fly, by way of a treat. When dinner-time arrived, I was most anxious to get away, and brought my father's coat and hat with the greatest alacrity, indeed I bustled about in a most unusual manner. But as we were descending the stairs, I heard Mr. Westbrook calling to my father to come back; my fright was so great, that I entreated to be allowed to go on first, pretending that I wanted my dinner. My request was immediately complied with, and off I set at full speed homewards. Mr. Westbrook detained my father long enough to allow me time to arrive at home twenty minutes before him. My mother was busy with the baby, so I took the opportunity of hastening to the kitchen. There was the white basin; I filled it with water, and diving my hand into my pocket, pulled out the little fish. It was not bright and brisk as when I deposited it there—it was warm and dim; when I put it into the basin, it would not swim, but floated on its side. I put it right again, but all in vain—the fish was dead! I could not help crying at my disappointment; the loss of my prize was all I then thought of. At this moment, I was startled by hearing the voice of my little sister—she had been standing on a stool behind me watching my movements. 'Is it dead, Charley?' she exclaimed. I looked up in terror, but would not answer the question, for the truth seemed to burst upon me: *I had committed a theft, and was found out.*

"Just then, my father knocked at the door, and Jesse ran to admit him. 'Well my little girl,' said he, 'has Charley come home? I suppose he has, though,' he added. 'Oh! yes he has, and he is in such trouble,' the artless child replied; 'for what do you think, he has brought home such a beautiful little fish, but when he put it into the water, it would not swim, do what he would. I suppose it is dead! Don't you think it must be, father? I wonder where he found it; I had no time to ask him, for you knocked at the door, and he was crying so.' My father he interrupted her, by saying: 'Tell Charles to come to me—I want him.' My poor mother had by this time entered the room where my father was; he related to her in a subdued tone all the circumstances, lest the other children should hear. 'You'll not beat him, I hope,' observed my mother, laying her hand on my father's arm; 'you'll not beat him, on account of his weakness!' 'No, mother,' was his reply; 'I'll not beat the boy; but I'll do something, which, I trust in God, may be the means of preventing his ever doing the like again!'

"What were my feelings as I obeyed my father's summons. However, he merely said, 'You'll go back with me to Mr. Westbrook's this afternoon, Charles.' I could not answer him, but left the room in silence. When I was gone, my mother anxiously inquired what he meant to do by taking me to the park? 'Why,

said my father, I mean that as he has committed a deliberate theft, he shall confess it to the gentleman he has wronged; and I hope that the shame attendant on such an avowal will take deep root in his heart, and influence his future conduct.' My mother, poor thing! desirous of sparing me, urged the possibility of Mr. Westbrook's dismissing him from his employ. 'If he does,' replied my father, 'which I do not for a moment apprehend, I would rather lose my work than my boy, and this I may do if I neglect to do my duty. No, mother,' continued he, 'considerations of worldly interest shall never make me blind to the welfare of my children. This is the first offence of the sort Charles has ever committed; but small beginnings lead to great ones, and it is only by judicious punishment we can hope it will be the last.'

"As I and my father walked back together to the park, I must confess my sorrow for the crime I had been guilty of, was far less than the fear I entertained, lest Mr. Westbrook should punish me—that he would inflict some severe chastisement, I could not doubt. When we arrived within sight of the much dreaded spot, my courage utterly failed, and I implored my father to suffer me to return home, assuring him I would never act in a dishonest manner again, and declaring that should Mr. Westbrook beat me, it would be my death. My father would listen to no excuse, nor would he accept of promises of amendment. 'You shall feel what it is to be a convicted thief,' was his reply, 'and I trust it may be a profitable lesson to you!' On reaching the house, he immediately inquired for Mr. Westbrook; but, being informed that he was engaged, he resumed his employment, and I was left to my own thoughts. What were they? There was the fountain playing as it did on my first visit to the conservatory—the bright gold fish sporting beneath its gentle fall—the fragrant flowers scenting the atmosphere, and rendering the place enchanting; but all had lost their attractions for me. I sat alone—apart from everything, with my eyes bent towards the ground. What would I not have given could I have blotted out from my conscience the dark stain that rested there! On Mr. Westbrook's entering, he immediately caught sight of me, and smiling kindly, he said, 'Ah! you're come for your gold fish, my lad! that's right: have you anything to put them in?' I could make no reply, but covering my face with both hands, sobbed bitterly. The kind gentleman looked at me in astonishment, and turned to my parent for some explanation. 'Sir,' said my father, 'you were good enough to permit me to bring the boy with me for his gratification. I did not suspect him of dishonesty, or I would not have trusted him at the hazard of my own character; but as he has disgraced himself and his father, I have brought him here to confess it to you; do what you think fit, sir; it is the first offence of the kind he has ever, to my knowledge, committed, and I sincerely hope that by the treatment I have resorted to, it may be the last.' When my father ceased speaking, Mr. Westbrook turned

to me. He listened with great patience whilst I candidly revealed all that had taken place, and expressed repentance, which by this time was really felt. The kindness of Mr. Westbrook had made a deep impression on my heart. How easily, thought I, could I have obtained all my wishes with credit! Oh! that I had never brought this horrid disgrace upon my poor father, or caused him this misery! Throwing myself on my knees before Mr. Westbrook, I implored him not to punish me; and never, never shall I forget my feelings, when he told me in a mild voice to rise. 'You are very young,' said he, 'and have an honest father; for these reasons I will pardon you; I trust,

also, as I understand this to be your first fault of the kind, that your repentance may be sincere.'

"I need hardly say," continued Mr. Stevens (for so we must call him now,) "that this was the only time I ever wandered from the path of honesty. My father died a few years ago, leaving a name that reflects the highest honor in his family. I myself have several children, and should any of them (which God forbid ever to be the case) deviate from the straight line of rectitude, I should adopt the same course my honored parent did, feeling convinced that there is no plan more likely to be salutary in its effects."

### A FOX CATCHING CRABS.



On the coast of one of the Shetland Islands a fox was once discovered catching crabs. The mode he adopted to capture his prey, was a very singular and somewhat cunning one. He placed the end of his tail in the water. The foolish crab, as hungry as the fox, would seize the tail, thinking it a very dainty morsel. But as soon as the crab began to bite, the fox jumped

and ran. By this means, the crab let go his hold, though his wit came to him too late. He found himself some distance from the water, when he understood the joke—so far that he could not get back to his native element before the fox had made him his prisoner, and began to contrive how he would make a dinner at his dupe's expense.

### STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

["Midsummer Flowers for Children," is the title of a beautiful new story book for children, just published by Lindsay & Blakiston, of this city. We make a couple of extracts:]

#### THE IDLE CHILDREN.

There were once three children, who, instead of going to school, as they should have done, stood loitering about, grumbling that learning was such a stupid thing.

"Let's set off to the wood!" they all three cried at once.—"Let's set off to the wood, and play with the little animals there—they never go to school!"

When they came to the wood, they asked the

animals, both great and small, to play with them.

"We are very sorry, but really we've just now no time," replied the animals.

The beetle hummed: "That would be fine if we were to idle with you, children; I must build a fresh bridge of grass, the old one is not safe."

The children crept so softly past the ant-hill; and as for the bee, they ran away from her just as though she had been a venomous beast.

The little mouse cried in a shrill little voice, "I'm gathering corn and seeds for the winter."

"And I," said the little white dove, "am carrying dry sticks for my nest."

The hare only nodded to them. "I can't come and play with you for the whole world," said he, "I've got such a dirty face, and must go and wash it."

The little strawberry-blossom said, "I must make use of this fine day, and ripen my fruit, that it may be ready when the old beggarman comes to look for it."

Then came a young cock, strutting through the wood. "Dear Monsieur Chanticleer, you surely have nothing to do, you can come and play a while with us."

"Pardon," cried he, with great gravity, "I've noble guests at my house to-day, and have to set out a feast for them;" and bowing very stiffly, away he went.

Then the children accosted the little stream that was running along so merrily. "Do, dear little stream, come and play with us!"

But the stream asked, quite astonished,— "What do you mean, children? Yes, indeed! I don't know what to do, I am so very busy, and yet you ask me to play with you! I can't stop either night or day. Men, beasts, gardens, woods, meadows, valleys, mountains, fields, I must give them all water to drink, and wash all the dishes and clothes besides! I must turn the mill, saw planks, spin wool, carry along boats upon my back, put out fire, and Heaven only knows what else besides. I stop and play with idle children, indeed!" And away the stream flowed as fast as ever it could.

The children were growing quite disheartened, and thought they must give up all hope of finding playfellows in the wood, when they saw a finch sitting upon a branch, singing and eating by turns. They called out to him their invitation.

"Stars and garters!" exclaimed the finch, greatly surprised, "can I believe my ears?—You children seem to me under a great mistake. I've no time to play, not I! Here I've been chasing flies all day, and now my young ones want me to sing them asleep. I'm singing to them the praise of labor. How can you think so badly of me? No, you turn back again, lazy children, and don't disturb the industrious folks in the wood."

Thus taught by the animals, the children turned back to school very willingly, finding that play is alone the reward of industry and work.

#### THE THIEF AND THE CHILD.

In the neighboring town there was a fair; and therefore all the people were gone from the village to the town, to be merry there, and make purchases. In the village, when evening came, it was quite silent. No one was either seen or heard there. The draw-well, usually such a noisy place in the evening, where the girls come to fetch water, was quite deserted. The great linden tree, beneath which the peasant lads sit in an evening, and sing, was also deserted.—There was only now a solitary little bird singing among the branches. The very roots of the old tree, the great play-place of the village children, were deserted; you only saw a few ants

which had over-stayed their time at work, hurrying home as fast as they could.

Twilight sank down gradually over everything. When the merry noisy birds had crept into their roosting places, the queer little bats glided forth from holes in the tree stem, and flew gently and softly about through the evening sky.

A man came round the corner of a barn. He crept silently and in fear along the wall, where the shadow was strongest. He glanced around him with anxiety, to see whether any other men were out who would see him. When he believed himself unobserved, he climbed over the wall; then he crept along on all-fours, like a cat, till he came to an open window of a house, and then he disappeared through the window.

The man had had thoughts in his heart; he was a thief, and had determined to rob the people of the house.

When he had entered by the window, he found himself in an empty room; and close to this room was a chamber. The door leading into the chamber was not locked.

The thief imagined it possible, that although the people were gone to the fair, some one might still be in the room; therefore he listened with his ear against the door.

He heard a child's voice, and looking in through the key-hole, by the glimmering light from the window, he saw that a little child was sitting up all by itself in its little bed, praying. The little child was saying the Lord's prayer before going to sleep, as it had been taught by its mother to do.

The man was pondering how he might best rob the house, when the child's clear, loud voice fell upon his ear, as it prayed these words:

"AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL!"

The words smote the man's heart, and his slumbering conscience awoke. He felt how great the sin was he was about to commit. He also folded his hands and prayed—"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!" And our dear Lord heard him.

By the same road that he had come, he returned, and crept back into his chamber. Here he repented with his whole heart all the evil he had done in his life; besought God for forgiveness, and returned thanks to Him for the protection he had sent to him through the voice of a pious child.

He has since become an industrious and honest man.

#### PARLOUR AMUSEMENTS.

TO CUT AND TEAR IN PIECES A HANDKERCHIEF, AND TO RENDER IT WHOLE AGAIN.—Two persons of the company are desired to step forward; a handkerchief is given to hold, two corners each. Several other handkerchiefs are then procured from the company, and as they are received, they are put into the one that is held, in order to make them a bundle. When there are about a dozen of them heaped up together, the two persons who hold the bundle cause one of them to be drawn at random by a third spectator.

The person who draws it is then desired to examine its mark and number, if any such there be, and to cut off one of the corners with a pair of scissors; any one may cut a piece also; after that the handkerchief is torn in pieces. The bits and scraps being gathered together, on which are poured certain pretended drugs or liquors, all are folded, and firmly bound with a ribbon, in order to reduce them to a small parcel. They are then put under a glass. A few minutes after, the parcel is unfolded, the handkerchief is whole; everybody acknowledges the mark, and the spectators are surprised to see it has not received the least damage in the operation.

*Explanation.*—This trick, strange as it appears, is very simple. The performer must have a confederate, who has two handkerchiefs of the same quality, and with the same mark, one of which he throws among the others to perform the trick with. The performer takes care to put this handkerchief uppermost in making the bundle, though he affects to mix them together promiscuously. The person whom he desires to draw one of the handkerchiefs, naturally takes that which comes first to hand. He desires to shake them again in order to embellish the operation, but in so doing takes care to bring the right handkerchief uppermost, and carefully fixes upon some unsuspecting one to draw; and if he finds that he is not likely to take the first that comes to hand, he prevents him from drawing by fixing upon another, under pretence of his having a more sagacious look. When the handkerchief is torn and carefully folded up, it is put under a glass, on a table placed near a partition; on that part of the table on which it is deposited is a little trap, which opens and lets it fall into a drawer. The confederate hid behind the curtain, passes his hand within the table, opens the trap, and substitutes the second handkerchief instead of the first; then shuts the trap, which fits so exactly the hole it closes, as to deceive the eyes of the most incredulous. If the performer is not possessed of such a table (which is absolutely necessary for other tricks as well as this), he must have the second handkerchief in his pocket, and by sleight of hand change it for the pieces, which must be instantly concealed, and have it tied up with the ribbon instead.

**HOW TO MAKE AN HOUR GLASS.**—An hour-glass may be made thus:—Procure a cork that will fit the necks of two oil flasks, and make a neat hole through it with a round file. In the middle of this hole fasten a bead, or piece of tobacco pipe a quarter of an inch long. Dry some common house sand in a ladle over the fire, and shake it through a fine sieve or muslin bag; fill one of the flasks with it, fit in the cork, and invert it over a jug or the neck of a wine bottle; let it run for an hour; collect the sand that has passed through, pour the rest away; return the sand to the flask, and fit in the other. Place the whole in a wooden frame for support. Egg-glasses are to be made with two small phials, furnished with sand to run for three minutes. The flasks should be well dried by the fire, and

the cork sealed in. If oily, they may be cleaned with a little hot water, sand, and salt of tartar.

### CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a spirited war-horse, when he hears the signal for battle, like a father refusing his boy's request to stay at home from school? He answers with a Nay (neigh.)

Why is it impossible that there should be one best horse in the world? Because at every race-course you'll find a better.

Why is a vulture superior to the man who shoots him? Because the vulture is a foul creature, but the man who shoots him is a fouler (fowler.)

Why is a man who marries twice like the captain of a ship? Because he has a second mate.

Why is an empty discourse like a solid one? Because it is all sound.

Why are the cook's tongs in a ship like great mosquitoes? Because they are galley nippers.

Why are the meadows in spring like an American Revolutionary hero? Because they're one general green.

Why are some of the boats in New Bedford harbour probably like the head of Victoria's eldest son? Because they contain the prints of whales' teeth (the Prince of Wales' teeth.)

When Shakespeare's mother wished him to confess a theft, what distinguished character did she hold up before him? William Tell.

Every body has heard of the famous echo of the Irishman, which, when interrogated "How d'ye do?" would answer, "Pretty well, I thank you;" but we know of a real echo, which, if you ask it "What remedy is there for the evils under which we labor?" invariably answers, "Labor!"

A note to the Koran relates the following legend: "The angel of death passing once by Solomon in a visible shape, and looking at one who was sitting with him, the man asked who he was, and upon Solomon's acquainting him that it was the angel of death, said, 'He seems to want me, wherefore order the wind to carry me from hence into India;' which, being accordingly done, the angel said to Solomon, 'I looked so earnestly at the man out of wonder; because I was commanded to take his soul in India, and found him with thee in Palestine.'"



A CHATEAU BIT.



# The Housekeeper's Friend.

## RECIPES.

**TO REMOVE FRUIT STAINS FROM LINEN.**—Wet the stained part of the cloth, and hold it tightly stretched and level over the sulphurous flame of a common brimstone match. In every case of stain, it is desirable to prevent the cloth from becoming dry, and to keep its pores open to absorb the coloring matter; this is effected by the application of water, salt, or butter.

**TO RESTORE COLOUR TO FLANNELS.**—When from frequent washing flannels have lost their colour, it may be restored by fumigating them with sulphur. An easy way to do this is to place the burning sulphur under an inverted basket, over which the flannels are laid.

Many lives might be saved by a knowledge of this simple receipt:—A large teaspoonful of mustard mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and swallowed as soon as possible, acts as an instant emetic, sufficient to remove all that is lodged in the stomach.

**METHOD OF PREVENTING COLD FEET AT BED-TIME.**—Draw off your stockings just before undressing, and rub your ankles and feet well with your hand, as hard as you can bear the pressure, for five or ten minutes, and you will never have to complain of cold feet in bed. It is hardly conceivable what a pleasurable glow this diffuses. Frequent washing of the feet, and rubbing them thoroughly dry with a linen cloth or flannel, is very useful.

**TO PREVENT THE EDGES OF NAILS FROM GROWING INTO THE QUICK.**—On the first indication of the nail penetrating the quick, such a disposition, if early attended to, may be prevented by bathing the feet in warm water, and gradually raising up that part which seems disposed to enter the quick, and introducing a piece of lint under it. The nail will then take a different direction, and the evil will be remedied. In the adult nails which take this disposition, the centre of the nail is to be scraped longitudinally, nearly down to the quick. The foot is then to be placed in warm water, and the penetrating parts raised out, which will now be the more easily effected in consequence of being scraped. This being done, pieces of lint are to be introduced, and retained there until the edge of the nail is diverted into its proper course.

**PASTRY CREAM.**—Break two eggs in a pan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, a pinch of salt; moisten with a pint and a half of milk; set on the fire, boil twenty minutes, or till it forms thickish smooth consistency; then add two ounces of pounded sugar, one of butter, put in either a little orange flower water, or a drop of any essence you choose, grated orange or lemon peel. One dozen of bruised ratafias will be an improvement, put in at the same time as the

sugar. Previous to using, add to the cream one ounce of butter, which you have previously made very hot. This may be used for all kinds of pastry, instead of jam.

**RICE CAKE.**—Wash one pound of rice, put it in a stew-pan, with a pint of water, put it on the fire; when the rice is well soaked add a quart of milk, quarter of a pound of butter, grated lemon-peel or a little nutmeg, or a piece of cinnamon, boil till thick, then add two eggs, well beat, a little salt, and a quarter of a pound of sugar; place all in a greased pan or tin breadpan; bake one hour, and serve with sugar or jam over.

**APPLE CAKE.**—Butter a pie-dish near a quarter of an inch thick, throw in a large quantity of bread-crumbs, as much as will stick, when pressed well on the butter; then have some apples already stewed down and sweetened, of which nearly fill the dish, put one ounce of butter in bits, cover over with bread-crumbs, also half an inch thick, put into hot oven; when done, pass a knife round and turn it out, sugar over, and glaze with a red-hot shovel.

**LITTLE MILK CAKE FOR BREAKFAST.**—Place on a table or slab one pound of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, two of sugar, three of fresh yeast, or a very small piece of German, two ounces of butter and one egg; have some new milk, pour in a gill, mix all together, adding more milk to form a nice dough, then put some flour in a cloth, put the dough in, and lay it in a warm place; let it rise for about two hours, cut it in pieces, the size of eggs, roll them even, and mark the top with a sharp knife; egg over and bake quick; serve hot or cold.

## ANTI-MACASSAR CROCHET.

Make a chain three-fourths of a yard in length, allowing 13 stitches for each pattern, and 5 for each edge. Fasten off at the end of each row.

**1st Row.**—Work one long stitch into every loop.

**2d Row.**—3 long, 2 chain, miss 2,\* 12 long, 1 chain, miss 1, repeat from \*, end with 2 chain, 3 long.

**3d Row.**—3 long, 3 chain, miss 3,\* 10 long, 3 chain, miss 3, repeat from \*, end with 3 chain, miss 3, 3 long.

**4th Row.**—3 long, 4 chain, miss 4,\* 8 long, 5 chain, miss 5, repeat from \*, end with 4 chain, miss 4, 3 long.

**5th Row.**—3 long, 5 chain, miss 5,\* 6 long, 7 chain, miss 7, repeat from \*, end with 5 chain, miss 5, 3 long.

**6th Row.**—3 long, 2 chain, miss 2 loops, 1 long, 3 chain, miss 3 loops,\* 4 long, 4 chain, miss 4, 1 long, 4 chain, miss 4, repeat from \*, end with 3 chain, miss 3, 1 long, 2 chain, miss 2, 3 long.

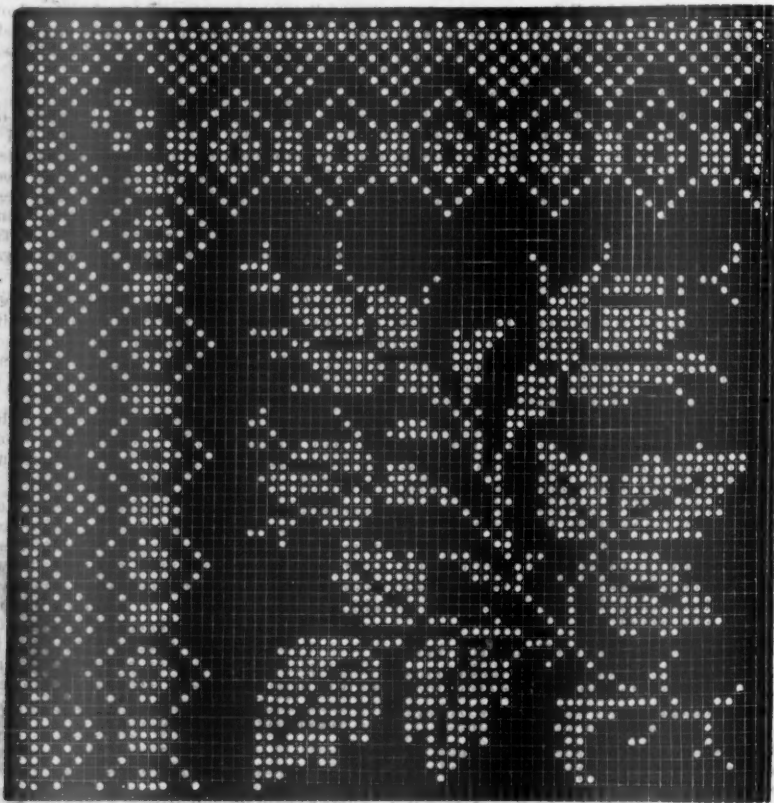
7th Row.—3 long, 1 chain, miss 1, 3 long, 3 chain, miss 3\*, 2 long, 4 chain, miss 4, 3 long, 4 chain, miss 4, repeat from \*, end with 3 chain, miss 3, 3 long, 2 chain, miss 2, 3 long.

8th Row.—3 long, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 long, 3 chain, miss 3, \* 4 long, 4 chain, miss 4, 1 long,

4 chain, miss 4, repeat from \*, end with 3 chain, miss 3, 1 long, 3 chain, miss 3, 3 long.

9th Row.—3 long, 5 chain, miss 5, \* 6 long, 7 chain, miss 7, repeat from \*, end with 6 chain, miss 6, 3 long.

10th Row.—3 long, 4 chain, miss 4, \* 8 long, 5



chain, miss 5, repeat from \*, end with 5 chain, miss 5, 3 long.

11th Row.—3 long, 3 chain, miss 3, \* 10 long, 3 chain, miss 3, repeat from \*, end with 4 chain, miss 4, 3 long.

12th Row.—3 long, 2 chain, miss 2, \* 12 long, 1 chain, miss 1, repeat from \*, end with 3 chain, miss 3, 3 long. Commence again at the third row.

### POTICHIMANIE.

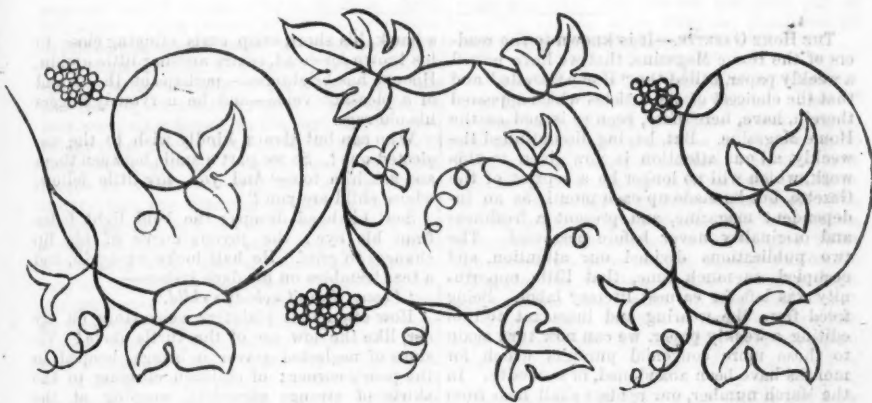
POTICHIMANIE is, as its name implies, a fabric representing china; it is a kind of work which has recently made its appearance in Paris, and from the rage it has there, has had the word Manie added to the original name of Potichim.

The materials consist of glass vases, sheets of paper colored with appropriate subjects, liquid gum, prepared oil color, good varnish, spirits of turpentine, and brushes. Cut out the paper, taking away every atom of ground, and when a sufficient quantity of subjects are done, clean your vase, gum on the colored side of the paper, and lay it in the vase, pressing it closely down

in every part, so that no air bubbles are left between the glass and the paper. Take care that every part is so gummed. Arrange the subjects according to your fancy, and as nearly as possible like the actual vases: thus, Chinese subjects must imitate Chinese vases in the arrangement of the figures, as well as the coloring of the ground, &c. Medallions are especially suitable for *Secres*; and we have also Etruscan, Assyrian, and many other subjects. When quite dry, add another coating of gum at the back of the pictures, not touching the glass; then a coat of varnish. When this is dry, clean the glass well,

and pour the coloring matter into it, rolling the every part is colored. Add another coating of vase round and round in the hands, so that varnish afterwards.

## NEEDLE WORK



THE VINE PATTERN.



*Mamma*.—"WHY, GOODNESS GRACIOUS, ARABELLA, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU MAKING THAT MESS FOR?"

*Arabella*.—"MESS, MAMMA!—WHY IT'S ALL THE FASHION,—IT'S POTICHIMANIE!"

*Mamma*.—(agreeably surprised).—"OH!—I SEE!"

## Editor's Department.

THE HOME GAZETTE.—It is known to the readers of the Home Magazine, that we have edited a weekly paper, called the "Home Gazette," and that the choicest of the articles which appeared therein, have, heretofore, been re-issued as the Home Magazine. But, having discontinued the weekly, all our attention is now given to this work, which will no longer be a reprint of the Gazette, but be made up each month as an independent magazine, and present a freshness and originality never before possessed. The two publications divided our attention, and occupied so much time, that little opportunity was left for earnest literary labor. Being freed from the wearing and incessant toil of editing a weekly paper, we can now turn again to those more congenial pursuits which for months have been abandoned, of necessity. In the March number, our readers shall hear from us in the commencement of a new story, in which, we hope, they may find both pleasure and profit.

Nobody's Child.—"What Not," a charming volume by Mrs. Mary A. Denison, is published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of this city. It is made up of a great variety of articles, embracing a wide range of subjects, and is illustrated with fine ability. We make a brief extract, and give one of the illustrations in this number of the Home Magazine.

"Nobody's Child.—The daylight plays in the old alley as well as it can for the dust heaps and tall black houses. Here and there through the tan of wind, sun, and layers of dirt, gleams a white spot like the leaf of a lily, telling that beauty is not wholly banished, even from here. A child has fallen over yonder broken door step. It sleeps, but not unwatched, for the homely mother, leaves her suds to steal now and then a quiet look, and wish he may sleep till her toil is over. From little tongues the roll of the blasphemers summons kindred spirits, and begrimed tramps play toss-penny and root the dirt deeper into their sallow cheeks.

Nought disturbs this old alley save poverty and crime. Intemperance swaggers and drunkenness staggers, throwing its lean hand against the rattling window panes, and crushing in the old hat crowns that line broken apertures.

Here comes a group worth studying. A boy with sunny locks, leading his sister from the parish school. Poverty may be his heir-loom, but virtue locks hands with its meagre mate, and may carry him safely through a perilous life-journey.

'Well, my boy, whose child are you?'

'Please, I'm Peggy's little boy what takes in ironing and washing. I and sister goes to school.'

Behind them, with a slower step, an eye like

a hawk, his short, crisp curls clinging close to his brown forehead, comes another little urchin. His eye has brightened—perhaps at the sound of a pleasant voice—and he nervously fingers his old rags.

Who can but give a kindly wish to the neglected one? So we part a smile between them and ask him too—'And you, my little fellow, whose child are you?'

See! his head droops; the bold light fades from his eye; the joyous curve of his lip changes to grief. He half looks up again, and a tear trembles on his dark lashes—  
'Please, I ain't nobody's child.'

How often that plaintive voice rings on my ear, like the low cry of the turtle dove! Visions of neglected graves it brings, heaped in the poor's corner; of children clinging to the skirts of strange garments, weeping at the harsh voice of forced charity—crouching from the uplifted hand of the cruel taskmaster.

Nobody's child!

What if his shrinking limbs stiffen with the cold? Who will tear the tattered garments from her own perishing body to gather about her child?

Nobody!

Who, when the sneer and taunt strike colder than death against the grieving heart, pours the soft balm of a divine love on the cruel wound?

Nobody!

Who, when the vile lay unholy hands upon him, and drag him to the dark haunts of sin, will snatch him from ruin at the peril of her own life?

Nobody!

The poor-day worker may hover like an angel about her treasures—even in the midst of misery and pollution—saving them from all; but he who is nobody's child—

Oh, heaven pity and guard him."

"MEETING AN OLD FLAME."—We give, in this number, a charming picture from Scribner's exquisitely illustrated edition of the "Reveries of a Bachelor," a volume that will be read and re-read when dozens of the books which now flaunt before the public eye are shelved and forgotten. In his dreamy reveries the Bachelor muses on the vicissitudes of love. Nelly's old, matter-of-fact uncle, steps in to smother the love fires that have begun to burn on the heart's altar, and the maiden is spirited off, "too far away to be seen, too closely guarded to be reached." After a while grief grows calmer; the world jogs on as usual, and the image of Nelly is dimmed over, if not obliterated.

"As for you," so dreams on the bachelor, "the world with its whirl and roar is deafening the sweet, distant notes, that come up through old choked channels of the affections.



Life is calling for earnestness and not for regrets, so the months, and the years slip by; your bachelor habit grows easy and light with wearing; you have mourned enough to smile at the violent mourning of others, and you have enjoyed enough to sigh over their little eddies of delight. Dark shades, and delicious streaks of crimson and gold color, lie upon your life. Your heart with all its weight of ashes can yet sparkle at the sound of a fairy step, and your face can yet open into a round of joyous smiles that are almost hopes, in the presence of some bright-eyed girl. But, amid this, there will float over you, from time to time, a midnight trance, in which you will hear again, with a thirsty ear, the witching melody of the days that are gone; and you will wake from it with a shudder into the cold resolves of your lonely and manly life. But the shudder passes as easy as night from morning. Tearful regrets, and memories that touch to the quick, are dull weapons to break through the panoply of your seared, eager and ambitious manhood; they only venture out like timid white-winged flies when night is come, and at the first glimpse of the dawn, they shrivel up and lie without a flutter, in some corner of your soul.

"And when, years after, you learn that she has returned, a woman, there is a slight glow, but no tumultuous bound of the heart. Life and time have worried you down like a spent bound. The world has given you a habit of easy and unmeaning smiles. You half accuse yourself of ingratitude and forgetfulness, but the accusation does not oppress you. It does not even distract your attention from the morning journal; you cannot work yourself into a respectable degree of indignation against the old gentleman, her guardian.

"You sigh—poor thing!—and in a very flashy waistcoat, you venture a morning call.

"She meets you kindly,—a comely, matronly, dame in gingham, with her curls all gathered under a high topped comb; and she presents to you two little boys in smart crimson jackets, dressed up with braid. And you dine with madame—a family party; and the weazen-faced old gentleman meets you with a most pleasant shake of the hand, hints that you were among his niece's earliest friends, and hopes you are getting on well.

"Capitally well!

"And the boys toddle in at desert—Dick to get a plum from your own dish—Tom to be kissed by his rosy-faced papa. In short, you are made perfectly at home; and you sit over your wine for an hour in a cozy smoke with the gentlemanly uncle, and with the very courteous husband of your second flame.

"It is all very jovial at the table, for good wine is, I find, a great strengthener of the bachelor heart.

"But afterward, when night has fairly set in, and the blaze of your fire goes flickering over your lonely quarters, you heave a deep sigh; and, as your thought runs back to the perfidious Louise, and calls up the married, matronly, Nelly, you sob over that poor dumb heart within

you, which craves so madly a free and joyous utterance! As you lean over with your forehead in your hands, and your eyes fall upon the old hound slumbering on the rug,—the tears start, and you wish that you had married years ago,—and that you too had your pair of prattling boys to drive away the loneliness of your solitary hearth-stone."

A NEW PHASE.—The last modern improvement in social life among the "higher classes" in New York, is said to be the *private chapel*, one of the princely mansions in Fifth avenue, it is averred, being furnished with this new appendage to an American household. A chaplain is to be attached to the establishment. We find in the paper from which this information is derived, another morsel, which we give. The two items, we presume, are equally authentic. "Many of the new houses in town are so high and narrow—four houses on three lots—that an arrangement similar to dumb-waiters has been introduced, for hoisting people to the upper stories!"

ENGRAVINGS IN THIS NUMBER.—In the January number we gave a beautiful steel engraving, "The Constant." We now present a companion plate, entitled "The Coquette," in all respects equal as a work of art, though less pleasing in subject, yet by contrast, teaching a lesson to the few who weakly trifle with the heart's best affections.

Another colored picture will be found in the winter scene; and in the eight pages that follow, a variety of illustrations, among which most of our readers will find something to their taste.

## LITERATURE, MUSIC, AND ART.

ELIZA COOK.—Ill health has caused this lady to retire, for the present, from the field of literature. "Eliza Cook's Journal," which she continued, weekly, for six years, has closed its existence. In her valedictory, the editor thus feelingly states the causes which have required an abandonment of the work:

"It would be as ungrateful as unseemly, if I breathed no farewell word to those subscribers who have so generously patronized my earnest, though trivial, efforts in the cause of simple Poetry and popular Progression. I shall not say much, for the subject I am communicating is too painful to dwell upon.

"Suffering of an unusually severe character attacked me soon after the commencement of my 'Journal;' but I endured and labored with, I trust, a brave heart and patient spirit. After sleepless nights, Morning has found me at my desk—trembling in frame, but firm in purpose; and, without a shadow of pretence let me say that I have worked less with the desire of gaining my daily bread, than with the wish to be of use to my fellow-creatures. I am at length compelled to yield to circumstances, and must retire—at least for a time—from the field of literature.

"Should the re-establishment of my health permit a renewal of my duties, I feel convinced that I shall again find friends ready to cheer me on; but in order to secure freedom from anxiety and responsibility, the 'Journal' for the present will be discontinued, and the publication of it cease from this number.

"In the sincere hope that my retirement from literary pursuits will be only temporary, I most cordially, though painfully, bid my kind readers adieu!"

**FANNY FORRESTER.**—The Memoirs of Mrs. Emily C. Judson, are now in preparation under the direction of the Baptist Missionary Society. In order to make the volume as fully expressive of her own pure life and spirit as possible, an effort is making to collect from all sources as many of her letters as are still preserved by friends—and publish them entire, or give such extracts, as may be thought best. Mr. Willis, in a letter from Idlewild, in speaking of the proposed Memoir, says:

"I have often thought there was no American writer whose epistolary style was so singularly felicitous as Fanny Forrester's—the uniform good sense of which was so brilliantly and gracefully thrown off from her fluent pen; and her letters to her friends and pupils, of which there must be many in existence, would form, I am very sure, one of the most instructive as well as delightful volumes of the time."

**THE CRAYON.**—This new journal, just started in New York, and conducted by Messrs. Stillman and I. Durand, is intended to fill a place, in our periodical literature, really vacant. It is devoted to Art and Literature, and numbers among its contributors such men as Bryant and Lowell.

THACKERAY'S new Christmas story, or pantomime, "The Rose and the Ring," just republished by the Harpers, seems to puzzle the critics. A London correspondent of the New York Times says: "People are not even sure what it is meant for—a real fairy tale, or a satire on Christmas literature. Some cannot read it, from yawning over its dullness; others, by constantly being forced to break out in roars of laughter. 'Grammatici certant' and some 'able critics' are in considerable anxiety about what they should tell, in the midst of such indecision. Children seem to like it, and so Mr. Thackeray may pretend to have written but for them, and need not take any cognizance of such persons' judgment as will not admit that they are 'old children.'"

THE last speculation with foreign musical stars does not, it seems, turn out remunerative; a fact that sensible people will not very seriously regret. Neither Mr. Hackett, Grisi, nor Mario have reaped the rich harvest that was anticipated—and it is well. The New York Musical Gazette, in commenting on this fact, says: "The receipts have been amply sufficient to sustain a first-rate opera in our city—one much better than that which has just closed its engagement. Madame Grisi is doubtless a great

artist, or rather has been; but she had never been a great vocalist, and on her visit to America, her day of glory had passed. The great actress, it is true, remained; but the matronly woman of evidently more than forty years, was quite incapacitated for many roles. However charmingly she may act, she can never impersonate *Amina*, *Zerlina*, *Rosina*, or *Norina*. *Norma*, *Semiramide*, *Lucrezia Borgia* are hers appropriately. But age has not confined its indications to personal appearance. The fullness of the voice has gone, and the round, rich tones are no more heard. Strength is wanting, and neatness. She is obliged to sing with effort, and those rich tones, which have so captivated a London audience, have become thin, harsh, and piercing. Mad. Grisi should have visited America years since, or never have visited it at all.

"No; if opera is to be supported in America, it must be as an equal whole. The solos, the choruses, the orchestra, must be good; a great prima donna, or a magnificent bass, or a brilliant tenor, will not compensate for a deficient chorus and an ill-trained orchestra. We cannot afford to expend the greater part of the probable receipts on one or two artists, especially where the success of such must depend mainly rather upon past reputation than upon present ability. We can name many an artist that America has sent home again for appreciation and support, because they did not come to us with a European fame. There are Bosio, Laborde, and Neri-Beraldi, now winning the highest applause, and commanding the highest salaries abroad, who might have been retained in our midst, if our public had not demanded something more than good singing and good acting. We trust that the next operatic speculation in New York may be more happily undertaken, and result in better success, and that we may eventually have our own permanent opera, with a chance of hearing something else than *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Norma*, *I Puritani*, and *La Sonnambula* of Bellini; Donizetti's *La Favorita*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*; and Rossini's *Semiramide* and *Il Barbiere*, which is the extensive (1) repertoire of some four months' performances with two of the leading artists of the world. Let us be thankful, however, that the glorious old Rossini has been twice called in, and the infliction of Verdi spared us."

**THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.**—This old English opera was recently put upon the stage in New York. Remarking on the fact, the Musical Review thus briefly gives its history: "One John Gay, a poet of some repute at court, in revenge for some fancied slight, composed the play in 1727. He adapted the words to the most popular songs and refrains of the day, making frequently some queer medleys. Dr. John Pepusch, a German of ability, who had resided some thirty years in London, arranged the harmonies, and composed an overture. The piece, finally patched up, with many melodies that sound to us as though they never could have been composed in earnest, was put upon the stage, and met with much decided success. It has been re-

vived, from time to time, in England, and always with success; and to this day, if you ask an Englishman for a genuine English opera, he will point you to the *Beggar's Opera*. One hearing of this was ample for us. The story is a satire upon the manners and customs of the day; but, in our opinion, a very coarse and clumsy satire."

**PRIZE MEDALS.**—The Fine Art Department of the Belgian Academy has proposed, among others, the following questions for prize-competition for the year 1855:

Does music exert a salutary influence upon manners and customs? Is every kind of music equally adapted to exercise that influence? Do the developments of the Art guarantee to it a useful, moral action? Can they, in this relation, be considered in a state of progress, and what modifications should they undergo to reach their highest civilizing power? Examine, in this point of view, religious music; dramatic, vocal, and instrumental and popular music.

To elucidate the modifications and changes which Architecture has passed through by the introduction and employment of glazed windows both in public and private buildings. Specify the time of said introduction, and mark the successive transformations and improvements this new element has brought about?

#### FASHIONS.

*The Juliette.*—This rich and graceful cloak, from the establishment of Slingerland & McFarland, No. 296 Broadway, New York, is made of black velvet, the skirt gathered into a yoke. It has a deep flowing sleeve, attached to a deep cape, the whole trimmed with very broad guipure lace, forming a garment suitable for spring wear. The dress is of dark brown silk, trimmed with broad folds of moiré antique.

*Bridal Costume.*—Coiffure in bandeaux. Veil of lace *Angletorre*, with the border in scallops, and both that and the ground filled with designs in scales. The veil forms *la Marie Stuart* upon the forehead, and is fastened back at the sides, being irregularly folded in such manner as to cover and envelope the hair. It is kept to its place by a wreath of white roses, with groups of the blossoms of the lily of the valley, mingled sparsely with foliage, falling at the sides and over the neck. These two kinds of flowers form the part of the wreath at the sides of the head. The part which unites them across the top of the head is a coron of orange blossoms.

Robe of triple taffetas. Corset high, with an opening in a V in front, but only to a short distance from the top. Jupe rather full. Sleeves a little loose, becoming wider towards the base, and short enough to admit of three rows of lace between the end and the wrist. The corset and jupe are trimmed in front with silk lace disposed in interlocking zigzags. This lace starts from the opening of the corset which it borders, forming from thence lozenges from top to bottom. These lozenges are graduated, that is, they are smallest at the waist and increase in size above and below. At each point of intersection there is affixed a macaroon of silk, from which hang two silk pendants. There are three of these macaroons and pairs of pendants on the corset, and five on the jupe. The sleeves are trimmed with similar fringe, but arranged in five parallel rows.

The chemisette is of lace, buttoned before, terminating round the neck in shells. The bouquet is placed upon the left side at the waist.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**THE LIFE OF HORACE GREELEY.** By J. PARTON. New York: Mason & Bro.

A book, well and pleasantly written, in which the author is a very Boswell in admiration for his subject, and in the industry with which he has collected material. How Mr. Greeley likes the manner in which he is daggered, and whether he will be altogether pleased at such an Asmodean revelation of his ins and outs, as is here presented, we do not undertake to say. It is not everybody who would choose to be so completely exhibited.

**FUDGE-DOINGS—BEING TONY FUDGE'S RECORD OF THE SAME.** By IR. MARVEL. New York: C. Scribner.

This is a pleasant satire upon fashionable extravagance and fast living, and will find readers among the thousands who admire Mr. Mitchell's genial humor. There is nothing crabbed or ill-natured in his writings. The parties who are rebuked can find amusement in their own portraits, pleasantly limned; and not a few of those who are now lamenting "hard times," will draw amusement out of what made them hard. A new book from the author of the "Reveries of a Bachelor," and "Dream Life," will always find a large number of appreciative readers.

**NOTES ON DUELS AND DUELLING.** By LORENZO SABINE. Boston: Crooby & Nichols.

A volume full of curious facts and anecdotes upon the subject of duelling. If it aid in hastening the wholesome change which is taking place in the public mind in relation to this barbarous custom, it will do a great good.

**HUMANITY IN THE CITY.** By REV. E. H. CHAPIN. New York: Devitt & Davenport.

The author is a prominent clergyman of the Universalist school, and these discourses, taking up different phases of city life, attracted considerable attention during their delivery, by their originality and eloquence. They contain many practical lessons, strikingly put: sterling advice as to modes of living, and avoidance of prevalent and fashionable follies, which will be well-timed just now, that the exhausted public is on the stool of repentance, and humbly disposed to listen.

**POEMS.** By ALICE CAREY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Alice Carey has carved herself a niche among contemporary poets, in which it will be strange indeed, and counter to all present criticism, if she does not keep her place to receive the admiration of posterity. The publishers have presented her volume in their beautiful style, and it will form a very acceptable addition to the library and book-table.

**LITTLE FOLKS' OWN.** By MRS. L. S. GODWIN. Boston: Fettridge & Co.

A volume of poems and stories for children, of more than common merit. How pleasantly the author introduces her book:—"By the evening fireside, in the garden nook, green field, and garden bower, child eyes brightening over the page, child lips telling verses o'er and o'er, till memory catches the strain; child hearts beating gladder and better for lessons here learned,—with hopeful fancy picturing to me these, I am already receiving a reward of my labor." There are poems in the book that will live in the memory of young and old. The "Home Picture" has already become a household favorite. We have published it before, but cannot resist the inclination to give it a second time to our readers:

#### HOME PICTURE.

One autumn night, when the wind was high,  
And rain fell in heavy plashes,

A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,  
A-popping corn in the ashes;  
And his sister, a curly-haired child of three,  
Sat looking on just close by his knee.

The blast went howling around the house,  
As if to get in 'twas trying;  
It rattled the latch of the outer door,  
Then seemed it a baby crying:  
Now and then a drop down the chimney came,  
And sputtered and hissed in the bright, red flame.

Pop! pop! the kernels, one by one,  
Came out of the embers flying;  
The boy held a long, straight stick in his hand,  
And kept it busily plying;  
He stirred the corn, and it snapped the more,  
And faster jumped to the clean-swept floor.

A part of the kernels hopped out one way,  
And a part hopped out the other;  
Some flew plump into the sister's lap,  
Some under the stool of the brother:  
The little girl gathered them into a heap,  
And called them a flock of milk-white sheep.

All at once the boy sat still as a mouse,  
And into the fire kept gazing;  
He quite forgot he was popping corn,  
But looked where the fire was blazing;  
He looked, and fancied that he could see  
A house and a barn, a bird and a tree.

Still steadily gazed the boy at these,  
And pussy's back kept stroking,  
Till his little sister cried, "Why, bub,  
Only see how the corn is smoking!"  
Sure enough, when the boy looked back,  
The corn in the embers was burnt quite black.

"Never mind," said he, "we shall have enough;  
Let's go from the fire and eat it;  
I'll carry the stools, and you the corn—  
"Tis nice—nobody could beat it."  
She took up the corn in her pinafore;  
They ate it all, nor wished for more.

**HISTORY AND POETRY OF FINGER-RINGS.** By CHARLES EDWARDS. New York: Redfield.

It is remarkable how much authentic history, antiquarian lore, pleasant anecdote, and true poetry, may be drawn through a ring. The author writes *en amore*, and has given us one of the pleasantest and most useful books of the season. In giving the romance and poetry, as well as the history of finger-rings, he traces them from the earliest epoch, when dim antiquity first left its visible traces, down to these later times, and wherever he can, illustrates his subject with anecdotes, historical or personal. He relates interesting incidents connected with the most celebrated rings of ancient and modern times, and by numerous and well executed engravings, represents them to the eye. One of these represents one of the most ancient rings in the world. The very oldest is that which Pharaoh gave to Joseph, and was found as late as 1824, in Joseph's tomb, and is now the property of Lord Ashburnham, in England. The actual signet-ring of Sappho, or Cheops, King of Memphis, who caused the great pyramid of Egypt to be made for his monument, is described by Mr. Edwards, and is now in New York. More than 2000 years before Christ, this ring was worn by that proud ruler, who raised a world's wonder for his mausoleum. It was found at Ghizeh, and is part of Dr. Abbott's celebrated collection of Egyptian Antiquities. The signet-ring which Shakspeare wore, discovered at Stratford in March, 1810, is represented in Mr. Edwards' illuminated title-page.

**THE ROSE AND THE RING.** By MR. M. A. TITMARCH, (W. M. Thackeray.) New York: Harper & Bros.

This amusing little affair was written as a "Fire-side Pantomime for Great and Small Children," by Thackeray, for the Christmas entertainment of some English children in a foreign city. It is profusely and comically illustrated. There is some difference even among English critics as to what it all means, and some think it involves a deeper satire than is apparent at the first reading. Whether this be so or not, is of little moment here. Few grown up American readers will waste time in searching after the grain of wheat in the bushel of chaff, though children will be highly amused with its grotesque exaggerations.

**MAY AND DECEMBER: A TALE OF WEDDED LIFE.** By MRS. HUBBACH. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott Grambo & Co.

An earnest, closely written, and finely developed work of fiction, based on the sad error, so prevalent in all times, of an incongruous marriage. Mary Luttrell, a young, gay, beautiful, and ambitious girl, accepts in marriage the hand of Mr. Cameron, a rich merchant, forty years her senior, with no other love active but a love of the world. How, in such a connexion, she falls into temptation, though not crime, and how much of wretchedness to both parties arise in consequence of so ill-assorted a union, is strongly pictured in these volumes, which we commend for their right views of life, and the true principles of action clearly exhibited. "May and December" belongs to the better class of fiction. It is not of the over-strained school; and will leave no stain upon the mind of him who reads it.

**THE AMERICAN HOME COOK BOOK.** By AN AMERICAN LADY. New York: Garrett & Co.

This book has been prepared "expressly for the use of housekeepers who study economy in the preparation of food, and who require explicit directions for their guidance." It is illustrated with a number of engravings of culinary articles, and also with engraved directions for the carver.

**HARPERS' GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD.**

This publication has reached the eighth number. Two more numbers will complete the work.

### BUSINESS MATTERS.

**PREMIUMS.**—We hope all who are entitled to premiums for making up clubs, and do not receive them, will remind us of the omission.

**ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.**—Additions can be made to clubs, at the club price; and it is not required that all be sent to the same office.

**HERETOFORE.**—The Home Magazine has been made up from the choicest articles of the Home Gazette; but as the Gazette has been discontinued—or merged in the monthly—the Home Magazine will now come to its readers with a freshness and originality never before possessed. Nearly the whole of the editor's time will be devoted to the work, instead of being divided, as formerly, between two publications.

**PUBLISHERS** are often put to a great deal of trouble, and subscribers suffer disappointment, in consequence of an omission to place the county and state, as well as the name of the post office, at the head of letters. There is scarcely a day that our clerks do not find themselves at a loss to know where to send Magazines that are ordered—the name of the state being neither inside nor outside of many letters received.

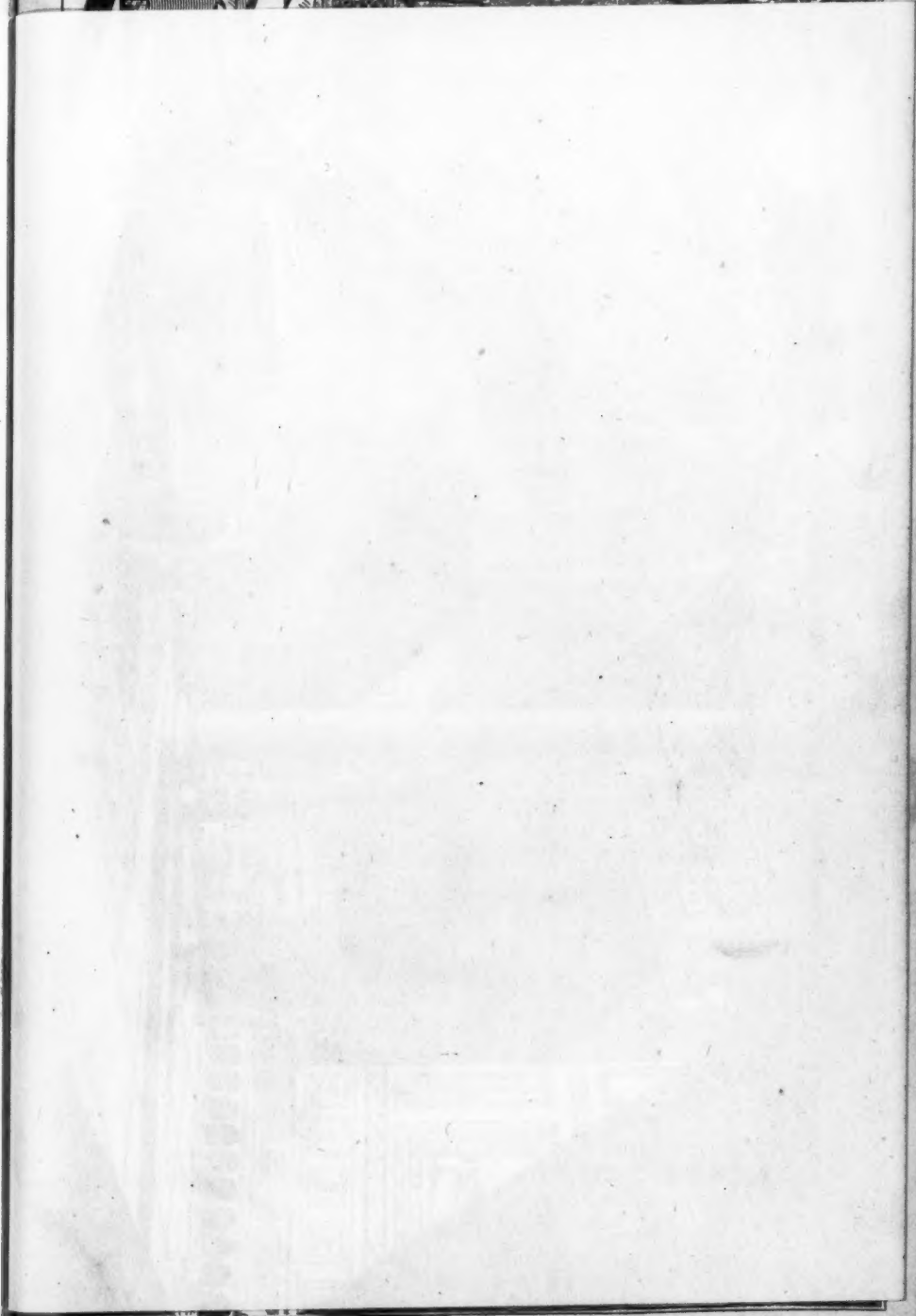


al of  
t, in  
y and  
t the  
t our  
where  
of the  
letters





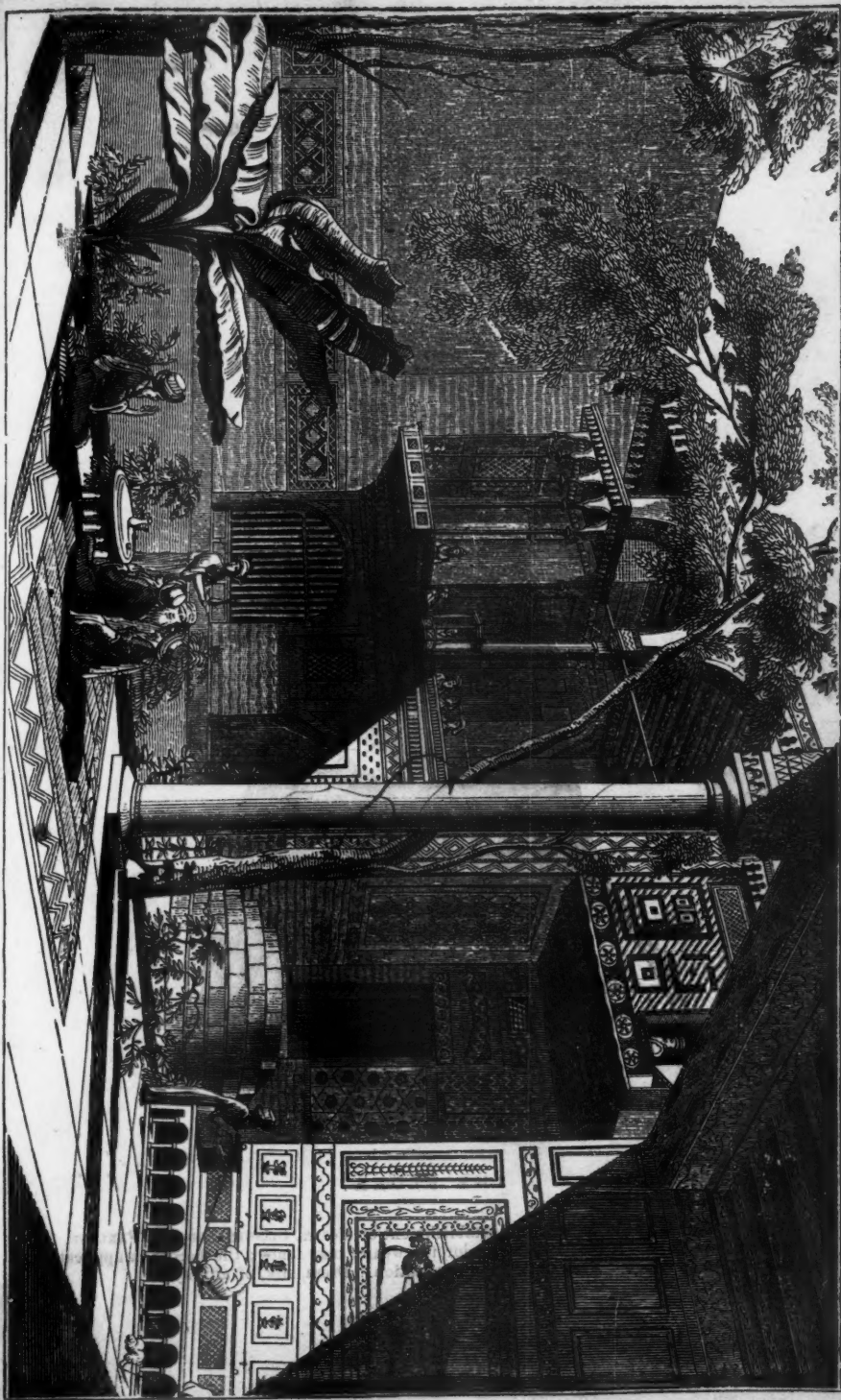
THE LIGHT GUITAR.



OPEN COURT AND HOUSE AT GRAND CAIRO.



OPEN COURT AND HOUSE AT GRAND CAIRO.



## Spring fashions.



THE FLORA.

This elegant mantilla is from the establishment of Messrs. SLINGERLAND & M'FARLAND, 296 Broadway, New York. It is of silk, any color the wearer may fancy; the border in application, with a rich, deep fringe. Neck finished in application. Dress, silk, of any style.



AN ELEGANT ROBE DE CHAMBRE.



ORPHEUS CIVILIZING THE INHABITANTS OF THRACE.  
FROM A PAINTING BY BARRY.





A GRECIAN HARVEST HOME.—FROM A PAINTING BY BARRY.

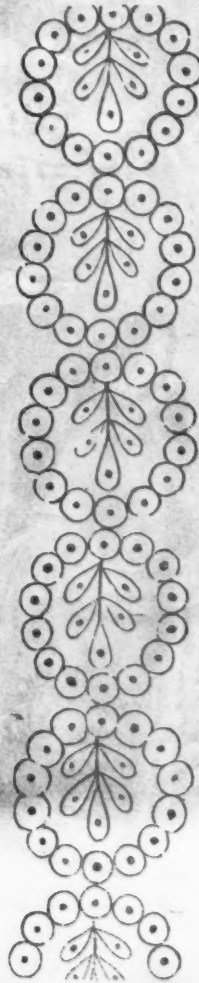
# Needle-work.



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



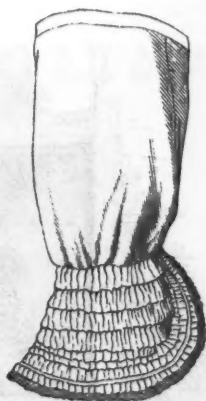
FLOUNCING FOR SLEEVES.



INSERTING.



CHEMISETTE.



UNDERSLEEVE.

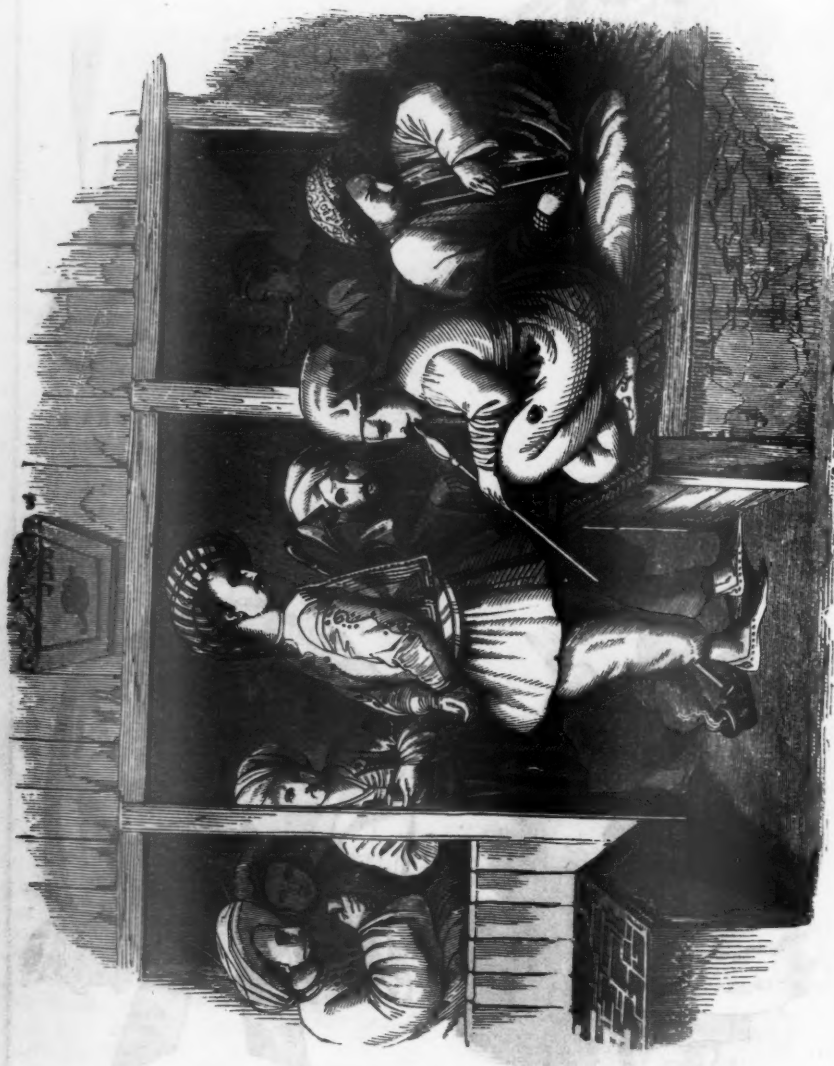


LITTLE BOY'S DRESS.



ELEGANT CAMBRIC SET.

Chemisette, Medallion pattern, opening square at the throat. Duchess Sleeves.



A COFFEE HOUSE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

ELIAS & SONS, 10, N. 2ND ST., N. Y.  
Engraved by J. H. Johnson, 10, N. 2ND ST., N. Y.

PICTURE BY J. H. JOHNSON.